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Dr A H Strickler
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THE MESSENGER.

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REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D.,

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Poetry.

EIN FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT.

From the German of Martin Luther.

Our God is a stronghold, indeed;
A powerful shield and weapon.
He helps us out of every need,
Which here to us may happen.
The old deadly foe
Seeks our overthrow;
Much craft and great might,
Compose his armor bright:
On earth there is none like him.

In our own might can naught be done;
Our rout is soon effected.

There fights for us the proper One,
By God Himself selected.

Ask you, who this be?
Jesus Christ is He,
The Lord of Sabaoth;
And there's no other God;

The field He e'er possesses.

And were the world with devils filled,
Who would devour us wholly?

No fear in us need be instilled;
We yet shall triumph fully.

Though this world's dread prince
Fierceness may evince;
Still he us can't harm:
His pow'r we shall disarm;

A little word can fell him.

The Word they shall allow to stand,
For which no thanks they merit.

He with us is on every hand
By His good gifts and Spirit.

Should they take our life,
Goods, fame, child and wife?
When they've all obtained,
They naught in least have gained:

To us remains the Kingdom.

S. R. F.

Selections.

CLAIMS OF THE SEMITIC LANGUAGES.

Summary of Dr. Gast's Address at Lancaster.

It is assuredly not inappropriate at this time and in this place to enter a plea in behalf of a more extensive and more thorough study of the Semitic languages, especially the Hebrew. The undergraduate may be disposed to think that such a plea does not concern him; but the opinion has been frequently expressed and is coming to be widely entertained that the college curriculum for the senior year should make room for at least the optional study of some Semitic language. That unquestionably should be the Hebrew, which was taught by the colleges at a former period, and is taught by some now.

It may be objected, indeed, that a single year of an already crowded college course is too short a time to master the language. Certainly it is; but it is quite enough to enable a faithful student to acquire the main outlines of the language, and to gain an insight into the general structure and character of the Semitic family. Bear with me then, while I endeavor to set before you the claims which these languages have upon the attention as well of the general scholar as of the professional theologian.

HOME OF THE SEMITIC FAMILY.

The Semitic-speaking nations have played a prominent role in the history of the world; and this fact, if nothing else, should lend to

the study of their languages a high degree of interest. For the language of a people always faithfully reflects the character of that people's mind: in the structure of the one we have a true index to the peculiarities of the other. The native home of the Semitic family is comparatively small. It would seem as if the Semite could rightly flourish only within the narrow confines of the south-west corner of Asia. But small as is this territory in comparison with the Aryan, which extends over a large part of the globe, it has been the theatre of events that have exercised and will continue to exercise the mightiest influence on the destinies of mankind. It is a locality specially favorable to the quiet, undisturbed development of a peculiar life, which, when the proper moment shall have arrived, may communicate its blessings to the outlying world.

THE SEMITIC TYPE.

This peculiar Semitic life has given birth to a peculiar family of languages, the smallest indeed of the three families to which philologists have reduced the various languages of earth, but at the same time the most unique, both in matter and form. Underlying all its dialects there is a singular unity of type, and this type is totally unlike that of any other linguistic family. It has prominent features of its own which render it impossible to mistake a Semitic language for one of a different class. Let me endeavor, therefore, to set before you, as briefly as possible, the chief peculiarities of the Semitic languages, in order that you may have some conception of their deeply interesting character.

SEMITIC ROOTS.

And first as to its roots: Here we trace the working of a singular law, according to which nearly all Semitic roots, as they have come down to us in the several dialects, consist of three consonants, which, apart from any accompanying vowels, carry in them always and necessarily the same fundamental meaning. At an earlier stage the vast majority of roots were bi-consonantal; and if we examine our present tri-consonantal roots we usually find that two of the consonants are more essential than the third, and give us a primary monosyllabic root capable of considerable development. The Semitic evidently had from the beginning an innate tendency towards roots composed of three consonants, which it has a wonderful power of forming by the simplest and most natural means. By adding a new consonant, by softening hard consonants and by substituting related ones of another class, it may modify its roots almost indefinitely, and with each modification give a new shade of meaning to the primary idea. The Semitic root is properly an ideal thing, having actual existence only in the form of words. In itself it is vowelless, and consequently unpronounceable; in this respect unlike the Aryan, where the vowel is essential and constitutes a firm centre around which the consonants gather.

WORD STEMS, CONJUGATIONS AND TENSES.

And this brings us to another prominent feature of the Semitic languages, viz: their manner of forming words, properly so-called—not, as in the Aryan, by external additions to the root, but mainly by internal changes within the body of the root. These changes are two-fold. First, *changes of vowels*. The three radical consonants always retain their fundamental signification, and the various aspects and modifications it assumes are expressed for the most part by ever changing vowels. The consonants form the hard body of the word; the vowels constitute its living soul, and nothing is more striking than the significance of the vowel sounds in Semitic, in which the primary vowel *a* serves as the symbol of activity, and the vowels of the *i* and *u* classes as the symbols of passivity and rest. But secondly, internal changes are effected by a *doubling of consonants*.

Most commonly the second radical consonant is repeated; more rarely the third; and only occasionally the second and third. By this simple expedient the Semitic languages express intensity and repetition of the action signified by the root. Other characteristics are its so-called *conjugational forms*, which by modifying the root, either externally or internally, or both externally and internally, add to its signification the ideas of

intensity, frequency, causation, effort, reflexivity, reciprocity, and its *tense system*, which pays no regard to the time when an action is performed, but conceives of the action either as *completed*, whether in the past, present or future, or as *still unfinished* or *in the process of realization*, whether in the past, present or future. These, with other peculiarities, which we need not now notice, make it apparent that the Semitic languages constitute a unique family, with whose peculiar structure every scholar should have at least some general acquaintance.

Languages so peculiar, lying so near to the heart of nature, and mirroring the play of feeling and imagination rather than of calm, logical thought, are worthy of study, if for nothing else than their interesting character; but when, besides this, we consider their importance, especially to the student of the Bible, we cannot too strongly assert their claims nor too seriously commend them to favorable regard.

HEBREW NOT THE PRIMITIVE LANGUAGE.

The most important member of this class is, of course, the Hebrew, which was regarded by former ages as the primitive language taught by God to our first parents. If this were a fact, it would invest Hebrew with a degree of interest no other language could possess. We can readily understand with what pride the Jew would point to his own as the original language, the gift of Heaven, spoken already in the Garden of Eden. But this belief was universally held among the Fathers of the Church with perhaps the sole exception of Theodoret, and maintained its hold on the minds of scholars down to a comparatively recent day. In the 17th century it was almost a matter of orthodoxy. At a time when an incredible amount of learning and ingenuity were devoted to the task of proving that Greek and Latin and all other languages were derived from Hebrew, it was very bold in Grotius to deny that Hebrew is the primitive mother, and his denial was generally accepted. But that was before the birth of philology as a science. It is different to-day. The old view of the Rabbins and Fathers is quite as untenable now as that of Geropius, who in a work published in 1580 proves, to his own satisfaction at least, that Dutch was the language spoken in Paradise, or as that of Andre Kempe, who maintained that God spoke to Adam in Swedish, Adam answered in Danish, and the serpent spoke to Eve in French. To-day philology has reduced all languages, however dissimilar, to three great families—the Aryan, the Semitic and the Turanian. Dismissing the Turanian as the least known, we find that all Aryan languages can be traced back to a Proto-Aryan, and all Semitic languages to a Proto-Semitic.

But the Proto-Aryan and Proto-Semitic have almost nothing in common. No genealogical connection is as yet discernible; and even taking the Semitic languages, the primitive mother that gave them birth can by no possibility be identified with Hebrew as we now know it. It is the Arabic rather that has most nearly preserved the original type.

THE IMPORTANCE OF HEBREW.

Hebrew then claims our attention, not as the first language spoken by man, but as that language in which it has pleased God to record much the greater part of the revelation He has made of Himself. Whatever importance attaches to the Old Testament itself, attaches to the language in which it has been communicated to men. Nearly the whole of the earlier revelation has come to us in Hebrew, and all of it in Semitic. Semitic is without exaggeration the language of religion, as Aryan is of science, politics and art. Notwithstanding their weaknesses and defects, there is in all the Semitic dialects a strength, a boldness, a picturesqueness and a delicacy of feeling which mark them, one and all, as specially adapted to express religious ideas and emotions. It must be evident from this that, for the Biblical scholar, no translation of the Old Testament can take the place of the original Hebrew. There are always shades of thought, peculiarities of expression, degrees of emphasis, which no version can accurately reproduce, and so the time will never arrive when the scholar can dispense with the Hebrew language, if he would gather the full strength of meaning which God has communicated through the sacred pages of the Old Testament. But there is a special reason

for a more thorough study of this language at the present time. There have arisen questions of Biblical criticism which, however we may deprecate them, cannot be ignored and will not suffer themselves to be frowned down. They are shaking the Free Church of Scotland to its centre to-day; they will agitate the Church in America to-morrow. What shall be done? Of this we may rest quietly assured that when the battle shall have ended, the character of the Bible as a divinely inspired book will be found to be unharmed. But meanwhile the friends of supernatural revelation must gird themselves for the conflict; and a large part of their preparation will lie in an accurate acquaintance with Hebrew; for the evidence on which unbelieving critics rest, their case is to a great extent linguistic, and only he who can meet them on that ground will achieve the victory.

VALUE OF THE OTHER SEMITIC LANGUAGES.

But the other Semitic languages have also claims upon our attention. They are important in various directions; time, however, will only permit a remark or two on their value as aids to the study of Hebrew and the Old Testament.

It is now well-known that no language can be rightly understood except in the light of the family to which it belongs. This is true of Hebrew as of all other languages. Its phenomena must be studied by the comparative method which has been applied with such success to the Aryan family. They are often of such a character that, taken by themselves, they can never be adequately explained; but the moment they are viewed in the general light of the Semitic family, they are seen to be nothing but the remains, scattered here and there, of a stratification which at times the Arabic has preserved entire. Each language illuminates every other of its class. In this way obscurities are cleared up, anomalies are reduced to law, and the language becomes intelligible in all its features. This is now so well understood that Theological Seminaries everywhere are at least giving the opportunity for a broader study of the Semitic languages generally.

But while these languages possess a high philological value for the student of Hebrew, they are of still higher value when considered from a theological point of view; for they are the medium of a varied literature that affords material aid to the historical interpretation of the Old Testament Scriptures. He who would see the proof of this needs only to glance into a first-class commentary and mark how often the author seeks for help from the ancient Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic and Ethiopic versions, from the better Rabbinic interpreters, like Rashi and Aben Ezra, and even from that most remarkable production of post-biblical Judaism, the Talmud. In this view a simple, brief inscription like that on the Moabite stone erected nearly nine centuries before Christ, and discovered in 1868, is often of inestimable value. It must be remembered that the Old Testament is but a fragment of a more extensive Hebrew literature that has perished. It contains many words which are found but once in the whole compass of its books, or which bear a peculiar sense once, though found often, it may be, with other senses. In such cases the student of the Bible will realize how important is a knowledge of the other Semitic languages and of the ancient versions. In this view the earlier Targums and the old Syriac version are especially valuable.—*Lancaster New Era*.

THE UNCHANGEABLENESS OF GOD.

There now remains the question how these two apparently contradictory modes of existence—the necessary and the free—can be combined without either being sacrificed to the other.

The Union of the Ethical Antitheses of Necessity and Freedom.—With its primary mode of existence as a necessity alone, the ethical cannot be satisfied; its very character as ethical, and its consequent essential distinction from mere nature impels it to seek a second mode of existence—a mode of existence originating and rooted in freedom. This second form of existence, though apparently the direct antithesis of the first, is in reality the only truly adequate form of the

ethical, the only form that fully expresses its essence (*γαπατήρ τῆς βροτῶν ἀποδ.*, Heb. 1. 3). It is true, freedom considered in itself is merely the possibility on the ground of which the ethical can eternally give itself actuality. Now, as it is impossible to suppose that freedom can be destined to realize the good of which it is the possibility, to be filled with the good as the content of which it is the form, by physical necessity, we must assume that primal freedom—to wit, the possibility of good—derives material freedom—that is, actual good—from the conscious action of the will; in a word, that freedom produces the good not by physical necessity, but by spiritual volition. Though divine freedom is not mere unethical caprice, our security for the attainment of the eternal rest aimed at would be but slight, if we were to suppose the divine will to be determined solely by the knowledge of what is ethically binding and necessary. If the good instead of being as truly posited by as posited for the free will, or if freedom did not recognize and will the necessary as its own true essence, as its own true self, the good would always remain for freedom a foreign, an alien element, to which it voluntarily subordinates itself. But if freedom recognizes itself, its own proper essence, in the unchanging objective ethical idea, it is possible that what is ethically necessary should attain free, joyous, and loving realization. This union of ethical necessity and ethical freedom is realized in the Godhead by the *Holy Spirit*, whose office it is to show that the one involves the other, and by reconciling the antitheses to constitute the ethical personality of God an eternal absolute reality.

What has been now advanced will suffice to show that the ethical, so far from involving the alternative of unchangeableness or vitality, really combines both unchangeableness and vitality; that it cannot have the absolutely real existence in God which is eternally necessary and a thing of freedom. If this be granted, and if we further allow that both exist in eternal concord and union in God, a fixed point is secured outside and above the arena of the conflict eternally waged between pantheism and deism, and such a combination is effected of the truths for which each darkly yearned that we can overcome the aimless vitality of the one and the rigid lifelessness of the other.

God, therefore, is both an unchangeable and a living God, that is, from an ethical point of view. On the one hand, His ethical unchangeableness requires eternal vitality; that is, the necessity He is under of being morally good involves the action of freedom; on the other hand, His vitality, that is, His freedom, is inwardly and essentially connected with ethical necessity, ethical unchangeableness.

Let us examine these two points more closely in order to convince ourselves that the ethical conception of God secures both the unchangeableness and the vitality required by religion and science.—*Dr. Dörner, Translated for Bibliotheca Sacra for April, 1879.*

A TEMPERANCE ITEM.

"Some days ago I had a talk with a gentleman who frequently visits this city, selling wines, liquors, and champagnes. He represents a well-known New York house, and has visited this city semi-annually for twenty years. Speaking of the trade and its decrease he said:—'We don't sell one case of wine in Washington now where we sold thirty years ago. Mrs. Hayes' 'no wine at state dinners' may have sounded easy to other people, but it was almost a sound of death to the wine trade. Many is the time we have sold hundreds of boxes to dealers who we knew in turn furnished them to the Executive Mansion. That trade is entirely gone now. Mrs. Hayes having declared against wine, of course it became fashionable in a manner, and its consumption in Washington fell off very much. Last winter there was not one case of wine sold where forty were sold even ten years ago. The drinking of wine among men may not have fallen off much, but it certainly has among ladies. Wine is not necessary now at fashionable parties; I mean, of course, with the office-holding and political classes, who mostly drink it about Washington, though it is not always kept off the table.'—*Correspondence of the Hartford Times*."

Family Reading.

SILENT SORROW.

Sad are the words that men have spoken,
But in the speaking they find relief.
Dear to the heart that is rent and broken
Is the passionate tale of its wasting grief.

But sadder yet is the silent sorrow
That grows in the stillness from day to day,
And waits and yearns for the great to-morrow,
Yet dreads the thought of the far away.

Ah! ye are happy whose tears are flowing;
Your grief, like a ship on the outward tide,
Has spread its sails and the winds are blowing
Its canvas on to the ocean wide.

But he is saddest whose grief is lying
Deep down in the chambers of his breast,
Away from the kingdom of tears and sighing,
Alone and still in its hushed unrest.

—N. Y. Post.

THE BABY'S FUNERAL.

"It is well with the child."

We could hardly see it at first, for something that was in our eyes, and made a sort of mist, but as it moved slowly away we looked after it, and thought how pretty and appropriate it was. Father saw us all standing at the window, and when we said it was the baby's hearse, he looked too, and then something got into his eyes, and he walked off, and picked little Mabel up and gave her such a kiss, and she seemed to understand what he meant, and held out her little white hands and said, "pretty baby," and then we all laughed and squeezed her, and mother must be getting nervous, for she cried, just as if it had been our baby that had gone away.

I staid at the window as long as I could see the little white carriage, with its clear glass sides, and all the lovely flowers heaped within as if there had been nothing else but a load of rosebuds and white carnations and velvet pansies. Then I looked to see if the long white ribbons, with their garland of green leaves and pale pink buds had been taken from the door; they were still there, but while I was looking a white-haired woman came and took them in. She was crying, and I thought she was the baby's grandmother, and most likely would be glad to die now, and why must the little child go first. I told mother about it, and she said if I would look in my Sunday School Bible I would know, and referred me to the last clause of the fourteenth verse of St. Mark's chapter x., *then she said to Mabel as she often does, but this time it was about "A Reaper Whose Name is Death," and I wished the baby's mother could have heard the verse:*

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves,
It was for the Lord of Paradise,
He bound them in their sheaves.

We all knew mother's heart was full by the way she sung.

I had a curiosity to see more of the baby's hearse, so one day I stepped into the place where it is kept and asked the man who has charge of it to let me look at it.

"Anybody dead?" he asked, in a sort of professional tone, "want me to come over and measure the baby?"

My heart almost stood still.

"Measure the baby?" I echoed his words in a dazed way, for it was not a week since

We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage wall.

What did he mean?

"If you just want to see the vehicle," he continued, seeing this was not a business call, "come right out and look at it; it's the first one ever came to Detroit—been in use thirteen years and pretty as a picture yet. Now, ain't it a beauty?" and he stepped up and took off the covering.

It was pretty. White and satiny smooth, with gold and silver rails running along the sides, and pretty carved ornaments of wood engraved with gold and silver, and crystal sides, with a little silk curtain festooned within and white silver urns to hold fresh flowers; four snow-white plumes decorated the corners, and the wheels glistened in their freedom from spot or blemish. It looked so like the pretty coach a baby would choose to ride in, no wonder people watched it as it glided noiselessly, like a chariot of Israel, through the busy, noisy streets.

"Now, you must see the horses that draw it," said the owner of the hearse, and he pushed open a side door, and there were the two milk-white animals, in their separate stalls. "They're just as knowin', them fellows," said he, patting their white, smooth hair, "as if they had reason, and quite as gentle as if they knew it was a baby they were drawing. They've got style, too, but it's subdued—kind of kept in all the time to a becoming degree. They know just as well as the driver when to start, and what gait to strike, and they change steps coming back, and move out live-

lier, as if they knew there wouldn't be any feelings hurt. That team and vehicle are worth \$800—couldn't match them for that."

"Are all babies buried in the babies' hearse?"

"All that can afford it and a good many that can't. It costs eight to ten dollars a trip for that alone; and, on account of the glass sides, the casket must be a handsome one, and that costs all the way from twenty to \$600. And then people like to have a good many flowers, and they cost a good penny, but it is a beau-ti-ful sight—beau-ti-ful. When we first started it the women all along the route would come out and look after it, and cry like it was their baby. Other children use it too—as old as twelve years, but there ain't so many of them die."

"What did they do before the hearse was made?"

"Carried them in their laps sometimes in the first carriage, or put the casket in the seat, or had the big hearse, just as they fancied; it wasn't so comfortable and convenient a way, either; there's lots of babies die; you can see rows of little graves up at Elmwood or Mount Elliot, in some lots eight lying side by side. Graves not over two and a half feet long. There are all kinds of ornaments and keepsakes on them too—toys they used to play with, half-worn shoes under a glass case, and marble lambs and dogs. Folks always take it so to heart losing the baby! Why, I've seen middle-aged men and women break down when the time came for me to put on the lid; and it is hard to shut out a sweet little face, that looks as if it might be asleep. A baby isn't like anything else. It will suffer more than any grown person will, but, when it is dead, there ain't any hard lines or pinched looks; it's just like a little sleeping doll, with a smile on its lips. I've seen a heap of them first and last."

As I followed him back through the ware-house he stopped to show me a little casket, covered with white cloth and lined with white merino, with satin puffings; there was a silver gimp that ran all around the edges, which were festooned with the white satin; there was an inscription on the name-plate that I stopped to read:

BLOSSOM.

Aged 2.

"To God we give with tears."

"It goes away to-morrow," said the undertaker. "Now here is something you might like to see."

It was a little handful of golden hair wrapped in a piece of old newspaper, the soft, lovely hair of a little child. As I held it up a fine dust sifted back into the paper.

"It's grave dust. That hair has laid in the grave for eighteen years. It was in the coffin of a little child we took up last fall in the old burying ground, and I saved it, all there was left, and we didn't know whose grave it was. Here are the baby's robes, but mothers mostly put on something they have. Still, we sell one of these occasionally."

There were little merino robes, with baby ruches in the neck and sleeves and little bows and knots of white satin ribbon, with a rosebud at the throat, but I couldn't bear to look at them, and think they were waiting for some poor little baby to die, so I just glanced at the rows and rows of little caskets, some of them not over a foot long, of white glossy wood, satin-lined and so sweet and restful to look at, but oh, so sad! and then I thanked the man and came away. As I passed a flower store I saw a white dove in the window; it had just been made of flowers—all pure white—star-like and sweet-scented; in the bird's mouth was a little painted card—a gaudy thing it looked to be, but written in one corner were the simple words, "auf wiedersehen," and they made the tears start; I asked the florist who it was for, and he said a little German baby, and showed me a pillow of white blossoms, with a scarlet border and the name "Bertha" traced in the centre with purple immortelles. Then there was a cradle made of fever-few and filled with tuberose and carnation.

"Sometimes we have a rosebud funeral," said the florist, "and we have to visit all the nurseries and rob them of their buds. Then we have what we call tinted funerals, where all the flowers are pink, pale blue, and just touched with a color; mixed pillows are now much called for—white, pink and lilac, interspersed with smilax laurel; it's queer, but wherever a flower grows on a baby's grave, it's some little tender thing, that never was seen out of a hot-house, but will grow and thrive without watching in that harsh soil; there's a little blue thing—we call it baby's breath—there's lots of it up at Elmwood; just grows of its own accord like."

I thought of this all the way home, and remembered a little rhyme I had often read in mother's scrap-book:

A butterfly basked on a baby's grave
Where a lily had chanced to grow;

"Why art thou here the gaudy dye,
When she of the bright and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low?"

Then it lightly spoke as it shook its wings
And soared to its airy track:
"I was a worm till I won my wings;
She whom thou mournest like a seraph sings.
Wouldst thou call the loved one back?"

The next morning at 4.30 mother read the death of the baby whose funeral we had seen; but just think how we all felt when we saw "Mabel—only child of Arthur and Kate Russell, aged one year."

"We will meet thee,
We will greet thee
In the sweet by and by."

I forgot to say father was in the City Clerk's office, and knowing that I am always interested in the facts and figures of everything, he brought me home a little slip of paper with the number of babies who have died in our beautiful Detroit in three months, and are buried at Elmwood, Woodmere, Mt. Elliott, and the German Lutheran cemeteries. There were seventy babies died in the month of May, 113 in June, and 146 in July—a bad record for July of 1880, since it exceeds our infant mortality of all preceding years. Mother says the great heat was the cause, and that as many died in one week in New York City. Poor little things! I always take my religion second-hand and quote some sweet verse instead of what God has said, but I know the poet drew his inspiration from the Bible when he says:

"They shall all bloom in robes of light
Transported by my care;
And saints upon their garments white
These sacred blossoms wear."

Mother says I am an enthusiast; she sings that very hymn to Mabel, but when she hears of a baby's death she only quotes what King David said: "It is well with the child."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE HABIT OF POSTPONING.

"A time for everything, and everything in its time," is a good maxim to learn and practice. It helps one to succeed by lightening labor, and prevents carelessness. We had a friend in boyhood, of superior talents, a fine scholar, and an agreeable companion. But he was always putting off important duties to a future time, hoping for greater leisure to attend to them. His whole life has proved a failure, because he has always been behindhand.

Robert Southey said that Samuel Taylor Coleridge had the same bad habit. He was a poet of wonderful genius, a profound thinker, philosopher, and a scholar whose range of reading was almost boundless. But he did little worthy of his great powers. As Southey says, "At times, he feels mortified that he has done so little, but this feeling produces no exertion. 'I will begin to-morrow,' he says. And thus he has been all his life letting to day slip."

THE BEST OF ALL SCHOOLS.

The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection, its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory, but the simple lessons of home, enameled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid pictures of after years.

So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wild space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have, perchance, seen an old and obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleansed and restored, you may have seen it fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture painted beneath is revealed to view. The portrait, first drawn upon the canvass, is no faint illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by some after-design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving its tone while fresh, and surviving its decay. Such is the fireside—the great institution of providence for the education of men.—*Goodrich.*

WILD OATS.

In all the wide range of accepted British maxims there is none—take it for all in all—more thoroughly abominable than the one as to the sowing of wild oats. Look at it on either side you will, and you can make nothing but a devil's maxim of it. The only thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire and get them burnt to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what

ground, up they will come, with long tough roots like couch-grass, and luxuriant stalks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven—a crop which it turns one's heart cold to think of.—*Hughes.*

OATMEAL IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

In Great Britain children of all ranks are raised on an oatmeal diet alone, because it causes them to grow strong and healthful, and no better food can possibly be found for them. It is also quite as desirable for the student as for the laborer, and for the delicate lady as for her hard-working sister; indeed, all classes would be greatly benefited by its use, and dyspepsia, with all its manifold annoyances, can be kept at a distance. Oatmeal is more substantial food, it is said, than veal, pork or lamb, and quite equal to beef and mutton, giving as much or more mental vigor, while its great desideratum consists in one's not becoming weary of it, for it is as welcome for breakfast or tea as is wheat or Graham bread. It can be eaten with sirup and butter as hasty-pudding, or with cream and sugar, like rice. It is especially good for young mothers, upon whose nervous forces too great a demand has been made, and they lose the equilibrium of the system and become depressed and dispirited. Oatmeal requires to be cooked slowly, and the water should be boiling hot when it is stirred in.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

BY LEE ROUSSEAU.

O throbbing heart, whose anxious fears
Shrink from the lifted, threatening rod,
List to the soothing gentle voice:
"Be still, and know that I am God."

O doubting heart, whose faithless cry
Pronounces all things strange and odd,
List to the firm, unfaltering voice:
"Be still, and know that I am God."

O broken heart, which late hath lain
Some treasured idol 'neath the sod,
List to the loving, jealous voice:
"Be still, and know that I am God."

O sceptic heart, which blindly seeks
Away through myst'ries vain to plod,
List to the simple, kindly voice:
"Be still, and know that I am God."

NOT FOR OURSELVES ONLY.

That sort of religion which ignores the obligations of Christian philanthropy, and shuts itself up in a cloister to "count its beads and patter prayers," is no longer regarded as of much value to the world and yet there is a modern pietism the offspring and relic of monasticism, which is so constantly pre-occupied with inward experience as to forget the dying needs of others. Many good people give themselves up exclusively to this sort of introspective piety, watching their spiritual thermometer to determine their spiritual state, and thus become so self-involved that they do not perceive the woe and the want all around them. The religion of Christ is not a set of holy emotions and affections which must be nursed and coddled by constant watching and indulging in spiritual raptures. It is the religion of philanthropy, which goes out into the world where God's poor and needy are, and works to the full extent of our powers for the good of their bodies and souls. This, then, is the law of Christian philanthropy, as announced by the Saviour and illustrated by His example that those who are strong should bear the infirmities of the weak; that those who have, should impart to those who need. And this law is binding upon all men, but especially upon those who profess to be Christians. If we are Christians we are, by the very conditions of being such, philanthropists.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

MOONSHINE SUPERSTITIONS.

The Tyrolean cure freckles by washing them at night with water in which the moon shines. In the Harz Mountains and Silesia the remedy for goitres is to turn one's face to the increasing moon three evenings running, then take a stone, silently touch the swelling with it, and throw it over the left shoulder. Meier quotes a Swabian charm for toothache. When the crescent moon reappears for the first time, the sufferer must gaze at it steadfastly, and repeat thrice, "I see the moon with two points; my teeth shall neither shoot nor ache until I see the moon with three points."

Of course the moon assists all deeds of sorcery, such as casting bullets, the manufacture of the divining rod, and the like. The following receipt for avenging one's self on one's enemies is given by Kuhn in Westphalia: "When the new moon falls on Tuesday, go out before day-break to a stake selected beforehand, turn to the east, and say, 'Stick, I grasp thee in the name of the Trinity.' Take thy knife and say, 'Stick, I cut thee in the name of the Trinity, that thou mayest obey me, and chastise any

one whose name I mention.' Then peel the stick in two places, to enable thee to carve these words, Abia, Obia, Sabia. Lay a smock-frock on thy threshold, and strike it hard with the stick, at the same time naming the person who is to be beaten. Though he may be many miles away, he will suffer as much as if he were on the spot."

The ancient Greeks and Romans considered the moon to be a protection against the evil-eye, and they hung small moons made of metal around their necks as amulets. Even the wives and horses of the Romans wore them. The custom has not yet disappeared in Italy and the East. Some years ago Neapolitan ladies used to wear small silver half-moons on their arms as a preservative against epilepsy, which popular belief has always connected with the evil eye. The talismanic crescent has ever been the badge of Islam, and it still glitters on the minarets.—*Harper's Weekly.*

"THE GUEST OF THE HEART."

"Ye are not your own." Your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost. Is that an unmeaning metaphor or an overworded express on? When God enters the soul, heaven enters with Him. The heart is compared to a temple—God never enters without His attendants; repentance cleanses the house—faith provides for the house—watchfulness, like the porter, takes care of it—prayer is a lively messenger, learns what is wanted and then goes for it—faith tells him where to go, and he never goes in vain.

Joy is the musician of this temple, tuning to the praises of God and the Lamb; and this terrestrial temple shall be removed to the celestial world, for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised.—*Pres. Banner.*

THE FEAST OF THE DELUGE.

On the day after the Greek Pentecost the "Feast of the Deluge" is annually celebrated at Larnaca, and, if the *Cyprus Times* be correct, this is one of the most ancient feasts still perpetuated. According to this journal, it is held in honor of the Syrian Venus. The Babylonians, says the *London Truth*, believed that an egg dropped down from heaven into the Euphrates, and that some doves settled on it after the fishes had rolled it to the shore. In a short time this egg produced Venus, and to her a temple was raised in Hierapolis, where a feast was instituted in commemoration of the Deluge. The worship of Venus, together with the feast in honor of the Deluge, which was celebrated in her temple at Hierapolis, were introduced into Cyprus at one and the same time, and the feast has outlived the worship of the goddess. The festival is held on the beach, and neither mass is performed nor offerings made to any shrine. Up to a late date the custom of sprinkling each other with water and dipping each other in the sea was habitual, but this is now dying out, and the principal amusement at present is sailing and dancing in boats to the sound of the violin.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

FRIED OYSTERS.—Select the largest and finest oysters. Have ready a skillet of boiling lard. Dip your oysters, one at a time, in heated yolk of egg, then in grated bread crumbs, and then drop into the lard. Turn, and allow them to become only slightly browned. Drop upon a sieve and send to the table hot.

TEA ICE CREAM.—Put half an ounce of fine orange-flavored Pekoe tea into an earthenware pot, and pour on it a pint of boiling milk. Let it stand until nearly cold, then pour it off fine, and, if necessary, strain to free it of any particles of leaf. Put the liquor into a large stew pan, with enough lump sugar to make it sweet. When it is hot add to it a quarter of a pint of rich cream and the yolks of five eggs. Stir over a slow fire until it becomes a thick custard, and then take it from the fire; stir occasionally until it is cool, to prevent a skin forming. Freeze in the usual manner. The "Orange Pekoe" can be bought at any of the fine groceries.

IRONING LACES, MUSLINS, AND SILKS.—Fine, soft articles, such as need no polishing, as lace and muslins, should be ironed on a soft ironing-blanket with a soft, fine ironing-sheet. All such articles, after a careful sprinkling, must be rolled up smoothly, and unrolled one at a time. Laces, of course, are to be carefully brought into shape, and all the edge or purling pulled out like new. In ironing silks, cover them over with paper or fine cotton, and use only a moderately heated iron, taking great care that the iron does not touch the silk at all, or it will make the silk look glossy, and show that it has been ironed. Any white article, if scorched slightly, can be in part restored, so far as looks go; but any scorching injures the fabric.

Miscellaneous.

LOS ANGELES.

The holy touch of twilight fell
Upon thy brow, San Gabriel!
From thy retreats reluctant day
Turned softly to the west, away;
When the cathedral, quaint and old,
Rang forth its bells, and as they tolled
Their vesper hymn they seemed to say,
In ecstasy of blessedness:
"Los Angeles! Los Angeles!"

The Duarte past, a winged train
Of vapors floateth to the plain.
They veil the wrinkled spurs and gray,
Above whose crags the eagles play;
They veil the sycamores, hoar and old,
In saintly drapery, fold on fold.
Still toll the bells and seem to say,
In ecstasy of blessedness:
"Los Angeles! Los Angeles!"

Oh! who be these that at the gate
Of the cathedral stand and wait?
The worshippers are gone away;
It is the bishop's wont to stay.
The bishop—'he is quaint and old,
And lingereth till his prayers be told.
The answering music seems to say,
In ecstasy of blessedness:
"Los Angeles! Los Angeles!"

The forms are from the gateway gone;
But, in their arms, another one,
That came not with them, through the gray
Hosts of the mists, they bare away,
And 'neath the altar quaint and old
The bishop lieth, pale and cold.
And still strange music seems to say,
In ecstasy of blessedness:
"Los Angeles! Los Angeles!"

A meteor of heaven upon
The heights of the Sierra shone,
As if it were a beam astray,
Shot forth from the Eternal Day;
And on the mountains, weird and old,
Night, awed, her starry rosary told,
And swelled a song that seemed to say,
In ecstasy of blessedness:
"Los Angeles! Los Angeles!"

A voice of benediction fell,
As from thy crest, San Gabriel:
"I pass, my children, to the day,
My benison I leave away;
Thou dear cathedral, quaint and old,
Still to thy breast my lambs enfold."
Still rose the voice that seemed to say,
In ecstasy of blessedness:
"Los Angeles! Los Angeles!"

—Independent.

ROMANTIC HISTORY OF SOME OF THE GREAT WORKS OF FORMER TIMES.

The most interesting treatise which Cicero has bequeathed to us was discovered amid a heap of refuse and rubbish near Milan, by a Bishop of Lodi, early in the fifteenth century; and the only valuable manuscript of Dioscorides was when found in a similar state, "so thoroughly riddled with insects," writes Lambecius, "that one would have scarcely stooped to pick it up in the streets had one seen it lying there." Had the insects been able to enjoy a heartier meal, the "botany of the ancients" would have been almost a blank to us. Livy—or, rather, what remains of him (for out of 142 books we have, alas, only thirty-five—was picked up piecemeal. Thus part of the fourth decade was found in the Cathedral Church of St Martin at Mayence; another portion containing books 41 to 44 in an out-of-the-way corner in Switzerland, while part of the book 91 was found lurking under the writing of another manuscript in the Vatican. One of Horace's Odes (book iv. ode 8) was found sticking to an early impression of Cicero's *Offices*, though not of course a unique impression, still the earliest we have. Part of the *Odyssey* of Homer, i. e. 300 lines of book 18, was found grasped in the hands of a mummy at Monfalout. A very singular discovery in the fifteenth century created for the moment the impression that the lost books of Livy were on the point of turning up again. The tutor of a French nobleman, the Marquis de Ronville, chanced to be playing tennis. In the course of the game he noticed that his racquet-bat was made of parchment which was covered with writing. He had the curiosity to attempt to cipher it, and in a short time he discovered that it was a piece of historical Latin prose. He was a good and widely read scholar; he saw that the style was the style of Livy, and as soon found that the fragment was evidently part of the lost books. He instantly hurried off to the racquet-maker. But all was in vain, the man could only tell him that he had fallen in with a mass of parchment, and that all the parchment had long since been "used up"—had passed into racquet-bats.

For the preservation of the celebrated digest of the Emperor Justinian we are indebted to some Pisan soldiers who came upon it amid the debris of a city which they had besieged and taken in Calabria; and the preservation of the *Ethiopica* of Heliodorus, a Christian bishop of the fourth century, is little short of miraculous. During the sack of Ofen in 1526 a common soldier saw a

manuscript lying in the streets, begrimed with dirt, and trampled under the feet of his comrades, who were intent on plundering the houses. Noticing, however, that it was richly bound, he picked it up and conveyed it into Germany, where it was shortly afterwards printed, and became one of the most popular romances of modern times. No less singular was the rescue of the works of Agobard, a learned prelate of the ninth century, who has left some valuable details about the times in which he lived. A scholar named Masso chanced one afternoon to enter a book-binder's shop in Paris. Noticing that the man was about to cut up a mass of manuscript, he begged leave to inspect it. He soon saw its value, and saved the good bishop from oblivion. Before we leave ancient literature to come to more modern times, we must notice two other curious methods of discovery. Not many years ago Cardinal Mai, the eminent Italian scholar, had observed that behind the writing of many mediæval manuscripts there were traces of former letters. It occurred to him that as parchment was by no means abundant during the middle ages, it was just possible that the monks may have possessed themselves of pagan manuscripts, deliberately erased the compositions inscribed on them, and used the parchment for their own purposes. His suspicions were soon confirmed. A microscopic examination enabled him not only to discern, but even in many cases to decipher, the original letters, and thus arose some of the most interesting literary discoveries of modern days. Behind the letters of a history of the Council of Chalcedon he discovered the epistles of Fronto and some of the orations of Symmachus, and behind the letters of a commentary of Saint Augustine on the Psalms, he made the glorious discovery of at least one-third of the long-lost work of Cicero—the *De Republica*—a work which up to the time of Mai's discovery was only known to us by one long fragment of two or three isolated scraps.

In times when great works were unique, it was, we regret to say, by no means uncommon for the possessor of a manuscript to transcribe whole passages, and, destroying the original, to make them pass for his own. Thus Leonardo Aretino, believing himself to be the sole possessor of a history of the Gothic War, by Procopius, translated it into Latin and passed himself off for the original author. Thus there is good reason to believe that Petrus Alcyonius transcribed into a treatise of his own whole paragraphs from the *De Gloria* of Cicero, and then made away with it that his base plagiarism might not be detected.

Every one knows how Sir Robert Cotton rescued the original manuscript of Magna Charta from the hands of a common tailor who was cutting it up for patterns. As this copy was certainly not unique, we should only have had to regret the loss of a curiosity. The valuable collection of the Thurloe state papers would probably have remained a secret to the world had it not been for the tumbling in of the ceiling of some old chambers in Lincoln's Inn, where those documents had for some reason or other been concealed. In the secret drawer of a chest the curious manuscripts of Dr. Dee, the occult philosopher, lurked unsuspected for years. Many of the charming letters of Lady Mary Montagu, letters which are among the most delightful compositions ever penned, and which have long taken their place among English classics, were found in the false bottom of an old trunk. Lord Herbert of Cherbury's autobiography was all but lost to the world. It was known that when Lord Herbert died there were two copies of the work, one written with his own hand, and one transcribed by an amanuensis. But neither of them could be found. At last in the midst of a mass of worm-eaten, mouldy old papers at Lymore in Montgomeryshire, a gentleman came upon the original copy. Several leaves had been torn out, many others had been so stained by damp as to be all but illegible. Enough could be deciphered, however, to show the value of the work. The only hope was that if the duplicate could be secured, it might supply the lacunæ of the original. But years rolled by and no duplicate turned up. In 1737 an estate belonging to the Herberts was sold. Some few books, pictures, and lumber were stored away in an attic, too worthless, apparently, for the purchaser to take away—and lo! among these was found the long-lost and much-desired duplicate. And thus did English literature possess itself of one of the most interesting autobiographies it can boast. Indeed, the late Lord Lytton used to say that there was no single book, of this kind at least, that he treasured so highly. Still more romantic was the discovery of Luther's *Table Talk*.

In the year 1626 a German gentleman named Casbarus van Sparr was engaged in building a new house, the foundation

of which was based on a cottage which had formerly belonged to his grandfather. In the course of their excavations the workmen came upon a small square parcel wrapped in strong linen cloth, which had been carefully plastered all over with beeswax. On opening and examining the parcel, a volume was discovered. And this volume was Luther's work, the only copy in existence. It had evidently been buried by Van Sparr's grandfather to escape the penalty of an edict issued by Rudolph II. at the instigation of Pope Gregory XIII., making it death for anyone to possess the work. The loss of this book would not only have deprived us of a work which is in itself singularly interesting, but we should never have understood the character of the great reformer half so well, never have known his rich humor, his shrewd, genial spirit, his tender-heartedness, never have known what he was when surrounded by his family and his friends. A man's public life is a poor test of his private worth, and letters are a poor substitute for the records of familiar conversation.

If we are to believe an old commentator on Dante, one of the cantos of the "Paradiso" was drawn from its lurking-place (it had slipped behind a window sill) in consequence of an intimation received in a dream.

BLACKSMITHING IN GERMANY.

In the interior towns and villages of Germany it has been the custom for many years for the farmer to purchase the iron for his tires and horseshoes, and in some instances, when having a new wagon built, to purchase all the iron entering into the same, the lengths of every piece being furnished him by the smith. One part of the contract is that the smith shall not return to the farmer all ends and cuttings from the iron, and it frequently occurs that the farmer remains at the shop until the iron is all cut up, in order that the smith shall not indulge in too much cabbage. Each smith shop has what is termed "the hell," and in cutting off a set of tires if the farmer be not present, the largest half of the end cut off finds its way to "the hell," the duty of putting it there devolving upon the youngest apprentice. From this always plentiful store the smith furnishes his material for the manufacture of bolts, horseshoes, etc., for transient customers. The horseshoeing part is also a feature; the farmer will bring with him the end of some piece of iron or tire, with which to make the shoes, or perhaps a dozen or more old horseshoes to be converted into new ones. The farmer must blow the bellows until the work is forged or the shoes all made, and must then hold up the horse's foot while the shoes are driven on or taken off, and invariably carries the old shoes home with him, unless he prefers to give the old shoes in payment for the apprentice's service in holding up the feet.

Selections.

Man purposes, but God disposes.
He who knows not when to be silent, knows not when to speak.
He that hath light thoughts of sin, never had great thoughts of God.—*Dr. Owen.*
A Christian is like a locomotive—a fire must be kindled in the heart of the thing before it will go.
We are hanging up pictures every day about the chamber walls of our hearts that we shall have to look at when we sit in the shadows.
The surest method of arriving at a knowledge of God's eternal purposes about us is to be found in the right use of the present moment.—*F. W. Faber.*
Let Him write what He will upon our hearts With His unerring pen. They are His own, Hewn from the rock by His selecting grace, Prepared for His own glory. Let Him write! Be sure He will not cross out one sweet word But to inscribe a sweeter,—but to grave One that shall shine forever in His praise, And thus fulfil our deepest heart desire. The fearful eye at first may read the line "Bondage to grief!" But He shall wipe away The tears, and clear the vision, till it read In ever-brightening letters—"Free to Serve!" For whom the Son makes free is free indeed.—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

Science and Art.

The eminent artist, Gustave Doré, who has devoted himself largely to Scriptural subjects, is said to be engaged on a picture of colossal size, illustrating the text, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden."
AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES.—Mr. Chanute, Vice-President of the American Society of Civil Engineers, shows in his annual address that American locomotives, which have as great speed as any in the world, can also pull greater trains and travel more miles in a year than any others. A locomotive is expected in other countries to pull one-seventh of its weight; in the United States it pulls one-fifth; the average locomotive of Europe travels 15,720 miles, the American locomotive 21,900 miles in a year. The superiority of our engines is owing to the greater freedom of the adjustment of the wheels to the road.
WORKS OF ART.—The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia have invited

American artists who are studying abroad, or who have settled in Europe, to contribute their productions for the Fall exhibition, to be held in November of this year. The cost of transportation of the works of American painters or sculptors, will be borne by the Academy. Many Americans have, it is said, already consented to send their work. The sum of \$60,000 has been presented to the Academy by a person interested in American art, for the purpose of giving free day exhibitions, for purchasing American pictures, and as a fund for the awarding of medals.

THE ENGLISH CHANNEL TUNNEL.—A late English paper says: "The works which are going on at Abbot's Cliff Tunnel, between Folkestone and Dover on the South Eastern Railway, in connection with the sinking of a shaft for testing the geological formations of the locality, with a view to the formation of a tunnel between England and France, were inspected yesterday, and pronounced satisfactory by M. Leon Say and the French engineers, including M. Duval, M. Oretton, and the Count de Montebello. A shaft ninety feet deep has been sunk from the level of the engine-house at high water, and a heading has been driven to the level of high water mark for the purpose of depositing the chalk. Powerful machinery has been fixed for the purpose of driving an atmospheric drill, with which it is intended to drive a heading as far as Dover, a distance of three miles, under the line of railway, the heading at Dover to be three hundred feet deep. The experiments are being carried out under the direction of Colonel Beaumont and Captain English. The South-eastern Railway Company have made a grant of £6,000 for the purpose."

Personal.

When Gambetta delivers a speech he pronounces 230 to 240 words a minute. An ordinary speaker pronounces only about 180 words in the same time. Lord Macaulay used to pronounce 330 words in a minute.

The wonderful boy violinist D'Albert, who is becoming so popular in England, is said to be, in spite of his genius, a "thorough boy, laughing, joking, up to any fun." But the moment he comes to the piano he is like an Arab horse with thrilling nerves and eyes dilated.

Prince Victor, the eldest son of Prince Napoleon, has just attained his eighteenth year, and with it his majority, according to the custom of his house. He is still studying at the Lycee Charlemagne, and next year will probably present himself for admission to St. Cyr, the famous military school of France. The Prince is described as studious and intelligent. He is tall and of strong build, and partial to field sport, at which he is an adept.

Dr. Parsons, the American missionary whose murder in Asiatic Turkey was announced a short time ago, had been connected with the American Board of Commissioners for thirty years, and was a member of the Presbytery of New York. He graduated at Williams College in 1845, and afterwards studied at the Union Theological Seminary. He had labored at Thessalonica and Smyrna since 1849. Mrs. Parsons, who had been absent from her American home for more than twenty years, returned home on a visit last year. It is believed that, notwithstanding the unsettled state of the Turkish Government, the murderers of the missionary, who have been arrested, will be put to death.

Items of Interest.

There are more negroes than white people in Memphis.

More tobacco has been planted in Pennsylvania this year than ever before.

The province of Buenos Ayres possesses 54,000,000 sheep, of which 13,000,000 belong to Irish settlers.

The Spanish royal decree of May 16, 1850, has been abrogated, and the sons of King Alfonso have been proclaimed heirs to the throne of Spain.

Of the employees on the railroads in Connecticut, as far as examined, four per cent. are color-blind, and six per cent. are defective in vision.

The Italian government has offered three prizes amounting to \$1800 for vineyards raised from grafts of American varieties of grape vines capable of resisting the attacks of phylloxera.

A return issued by the German Postmaster-General shows the number of post cards used in Europe in the year 1878 to have been 342,000,000.

It is expected that the eastern end of the Northern Pacific will be completed to the Yellowstone before the advent of winter, and by the same time 468 miles will be completed on the Pacific side.

There is awaiting in the Treasury, to the credit of Bettie Taylor Dandridge and Sarah Knox Wood \$25,000, being the balance of salary due to Zachary Taylor, ex-President, but heretofore unclaimed. The ladies are the niece and grand-daughter of Zachary Taylor, and are said to be in poor circumstances. The money was placed to their credit in pursuance of an act of Congress at the recent session.

It is estimated that the total production of coffee throughout the world in 1878 amounted to 1,080,075,000 pounds. The greatest consumption of coffee is believed to take place in Holland, where eighteen pounds per head of the population are consumed every year; Belgium comes next, taking nine pounds per annum; Norway consumes 8½ pounds; the United States 8½ pounds; France, 4½ pounds; Germany, 3 pounds; and England only one pound.

An extensive coal bed, estimated as capable of yielding 3,000,000 pounds daily for a century, is now being worked near Kigashe, on the Kluu Kads, Japan. The Minister of Public Works has visited it with an English engineer, in order to examine the feasibility of a railway therefrom to Modji, a town on the inland sea, and the works are to be commenced this summer. There is also an idea of making Modji a naval station, that Indian and other foreign vessels stopping at Akamagasaki might coal there.

The area of Japan is about 150,000 square miles, comprising nearly 3,000 islands, mostly

small. Of the four large islands Yesso is mostly mountainous, though having some extended plains well adapted to a production of wheat and rye. The island of Sagalian was ceded to Russia in 1875. Yesso and Curule Islands are full of valuable timber. The forests of Japan are mostly evergreen. In all, about one-tenth of Japan is cultivated, and only one-fourth of that adapted to cultivation—an area scarcely greater than the State of Illinois. Yet the population sustained is 33,000,000. Of course, the population largely depends upon fish, of which there is a surprising abundance. Agriculture has hardly made any advancement. In three centuries the total product of the country has scarcely been increased. The tea culture now amounts to nearly 25,000,000 pounds annually. The yield of silk is something over 1,000,000.

Farm and Garden.

A series of experiments has demonstrated that bran possesses valuable qualities as a fertilizer, it being claimed to be superior to guano, bonedust, land-plaster, etc., by a contemporary. About half a ton to the acre, applied once in three or four years, is sufficient, while the yield is prodigiously increased.

Grinding renders all our cereal grains more digestible, by reducing the size of the particles to be saturated and digested by the gastric juice. The whole kernels of corn are not always fully penetrated by the gastric juice, and hence many of them pass cattle undigested. When corn is ground it should be mixed with coarse fodder, so as to prevent its adhering in a mass in the stomach, and to insure its remastication and insalivation.

A resident of Belchertown, Mass., reports to the *Fruit Recorder* noteworthy results of mulching with stones. Tomato plants, around each of which a compact circle three feet in diameter was placed, "not only proved very thrifty and productive, but commenced to ripen very much earlier than the rest, and the main portion of their fruit was gone before the others had ripened but a small portion of their crop. This trial was so satisfactory that it was repeated the next season with like results."

FOWLS IN ORCHARD?—Last fall we visited an orchard in which fowls were kept, the owner of which told us that before the fowls were confined in it the trees made little or no growth, and only a corresponding amount of fruit was obtained. But what a change was evident now! The grass was kept down, the weeds killed, and the trees presented an appearance of thrift, which the most enthusiastic horticulturist could not but admire and envy. The growth of the trees was most vigorous, and the foliage remarkably luxuriant; the fruit was abundant, of large size, and free from worms and other imperfections. The excellence was accounted for by the proprietor, who remarked that the "hens ate all the worms and curculio in their reach, even the canker-worm." He found less trouble with their roosting in trees than he expected, and that a picket fence six feet high kept them within bounds. His orchard was divided into three sections, and the fowls were changed from one to another, as the condition of the fowls or the orchard sections seemed to require.—*Poultry World.*

PRESERVING BUTTER FRESH.—A discovery is announced which brings a new element into the calculation of the future of the trade in butter. On July 24, of last year, Mr. G. M. Allender, the managing director of the Aylesbury Dairy Company, put a churning of butter to the test, treating it in accordance with a patent brought before him. The butter, in a muslin cloth, was placed in a firkin, without a particle of salt, and every precaution taken to insure that there could be no tampering with the experiment. The firkin remained on the premises at St. Petersburg, Baywater, for three months, and when examined on October 24, it was as sound and as sweet as when first put in. Practically this butter was exposed to the atmosphere during the whole time, seeing that air found free admittance into the firkin. Without treatment the butter would have gone completely putrid; but on smelling and testing it on Friday it was found perfectly sweet, firm, and so excellent in flavor, that it was as if only made the day before. Experts in the business, both in this country and in Ireland, have had samples, and pronounce, so says the *Times*, the preservation wonderful; the only difference there being that newly-made butter (and this first-rate of its kind) has a peculiar aroma not quite equalled in the preserved butter; while the latter is considered a little "dead," so that just a trace of salt in it would be an improvement. It is not possible to estimate the gain of being able to displace from our tables and from our cookeries the objectionable salt butter, the change being especially grateful to voyagers on shipboard, and to countries such as Brazil, which import the whole of their butter. One great feature of the trade in future will be the purchase and storage of butter in summer when prices are low, for sale in winter, when prices rule higher—with considerable effect toward equalizing the two-seasoned prices to consumers.—*Irish Farmer's Gazette.*

Books and Periodicals.

THE PENN MONTHLY. Devoted to Literature, Science, Art, and Politics. September, 1880. Contents. THE MONTH.—American Competition with European Farmers.—The Cobden Club.—Scandinavian Questions.—The Albanian League and the Porte.—The Proposed Canadian Convention.—The Census.—The Free Trade Club.—General Hancock's Letter of Acceptance.—The Concord School of Philosophy.—Our Water Supply.—The Sumner Holiday. The Kalevala, Col. Wickham Hoffmann; Music Talk, S. A. S.; Counting the Electoral Votes for President, Lloyd D. Simpson; Canadian Sharp Practice; Joseph Dennie; Shylock, Rev. Dr. M. Jastrow; New Books, Books Received. Published for the Penn Monthly Association by Edward Stern & Co., 125 & 127 North Seventh Street, Phila. Terms, \$5.00 per annum; single numbers, 30 cts.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending September 4th and 11th respectively, contain the following articles: Marie Antoinette, Quarterly; The Place of Socrates in Greek Philosophy, Westminster; A Reindeer Ride through Lapland, Blackwood; Minuties, and "The Ship of Fools," Cornhill; Morocco, Good Words; Annie Keary, Macmillan; Aristotle on Free Will, A Scotch Tutor, and Caines, Spectator; Early Friends, Globe; and in the way of fiction, "The Portrait of a Painter by Himself," and "A Trip, and what followed," with the usual amount of poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price (\$5) is low; while for \$10.50 the monthlies offer to send any one of the American 24 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, including the extra numbers of the latter, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,
Rev. C. U. REILMAN,
Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.
For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1880.

BACK TO THE POINT.

The *Lutheran Standard*, a paper of out and out Galesburg-Rule propensities, which has no mercy upon Dr. Seiss, and has found fault even with Dr. Krauth, because he did not mount the Missouri platform by a single spring, has been setting up a great deal of type of late to bring what it calls "Calvinism," into disrepute.

By Calvinism it means the doctrine of Election and Reprobation. It is not in our province to defend the Westminster Confession which the *Standard* quotes so freely. That is not our funeral. We can only say just now, that the point raised by the *Standard* to throw discredit upon all un-Lutheran, Reformed Churches, is one easily travestied, and may serve a purpose in an appeal to popular prejudice.

What we wish to say further at this time, is, that the *Standard* had better hold its horses; for if John Calvin is to be consigned to eternal flames for holding the decretal system, Martin Luther will make a very narrow escape from perdition. The only difference between the two men is, that each reached the same conclusion from opposite points; Calvin starting from the sovereignty of God; and Luther setting out from human inability. If our contemporary wishes some proof of this from Luther's own writings, it has only to say so.

In fact, what was known as Calvinism in the Reformation age, had nothing to do with the decretal system. That was held by nearly all the reformers of Luther's age; its admission was not regarded as affecting other main points of controversy, and Luther tried to rasp Erasmus, for saying it did. But for the influence of Melancthon, what may be called the Arminian turn of things would never have found place in any Lutheran Confession.

The true issue between Luther and Calvin was the manner of the Real Presence, in the Eucharist; the one advocating what a Lutheran contemporary has objected to when called "Consubstantiation," and the other making the Spiritual Presence to be authenticated in the transaction rather than in the elements in a local form.

If the *Standard* will come back to the real point of contest between the two theories as they were held in the XVI century, it can be very easily met, although the arguments on the different sides may travel in different directions and not come before the same jury.

We would like our contemporary to answer the question, What is Calvinism? as the distinction was made in the days of Luther and Calvin.

We do not care to shoot at decoy ducks; or have our contemporary play the hen-partridge game of leading the hunter away from the hatching place.

A CONCESSION.

The Papal See, which has hitherto been uncompromising in holding out for the character of its schools has at last concluded that there may be two sides to the question. Leo XIII, if the cable is to be trusted, has instructed the Belgian clergy to look into the educational question with an eye to such revision and improvement as may meet the demands of the case. He wishes to compete with schools established by the State, which he feels, are running away with things; and he would like such reconstruction of Romish institutions as will hold them in subserviency and yet

keep them from conflict with the civil law. The policy of the Hierarchy may be that of stooping to conquer, but it admits that there are outside considerations which must not be ignored in solving the problem. The philosophy of Thomas Aquinas no one will underestimate, in so far as the relation of faith to knowledge is concerned, yet the thought and life not only of the world but of the Church, has advanced in such manner as to need different practical applications, and the Pope is wise in seeing that the world-element with its science calls for re adjustment. What answered for the age of the Schoolmen will not exactly do for the XIX century. The Church while standing on the Rock of immutable truth, is after all flexible in the proper sense which St. Paul indicated when he was ready to be all things to all men. Stagnation and Procrustean beds are out of character with living organizations. Progress, not in the change of truth itself, but in its proper preservation and its unfoldings in the world, is the side which Rome has fought through centuries.

BENEFICIARY EDUCATION.

For some time past, we have been frequently written to, as Treasurer of the Board of Education of the Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States, by worthy young men in different parts of the Church looking to the Christian ministry, inquiring as to the possibility of obtaining aid from the Board in the prosecution of their studies. With much regret, we have been compelled to return an unfavorable answer in each case. As is known to our older ministers and members, the Board we represent was originally the general Board of the eastern portion of the Church, and all the Classes did their beneficiary work through it, throwing their funds into the common treasury. The work of the Board was done with care, efficiency, and success.

From some cause or other, the Classes began some fifteen years ago, one after another, in which the Classis of Lancaster took the lead, to take their beneficiary work into their own hands, and manage it for themselves. This continued until all the Classes withdrew their funds from the control of the Board, and with the exception of two of their number, entirely ceased even to make the Board the medium for the transmission of their funds to their beneficiaries. The consequence was, that the Board was left with a debt of some \$1,500, without any other means to pay it, than the little revenue derived from year to year, from the proceeds of its small amount of invested funds. In the course of time, the debt was fully paid, and since then, for a few years, the Board has been sustaining one beneficiary and a second one in part, out of the proceeds of its invested fund, and expects in future to sustain two beneficiaries in full and one in part, in consequence of recent additions to its investments. It will be seen, that its ability for doing the work especially assigned it, is at present exceedingly limited.

What caused the Classes to take the course they did, we have never been fully able to understand. It was probably thought, they could do more for the cause and do the work better, by giving it thus their direct attention. Have these expectations been realized? From what has come to our knowledge, we fear such has not been the case. As the contributions are not brought together to a common centre, there is no way of ascertaining what is the aggregate amount contributed for this purpose, and the Church itself gets no credit for it before the general public. Still we doubt very much whether the facts, if ascertained, would show an increase in contributions to this object, bearing a due proportion to the increase of membership, and a corresponding growth of Christian liberality.

A similar doubt exists also as to the realization of the expectations with regard to better management. With the utmost care over the beneficiaries the Board could exercise, some one of them would occasionally betray its confidence and prove himself unworthy of its sup-

port. But have matters in this respect been improved by the change? We fear not. Some of the Classes have been in great perplexities in regard to some of the beneficiaries they have taken under their care. Such at least has been the experience of one of them in this direction, and that the largest in our whole connection, the Lebanon Classis, that, for a year or two past, it has absolutely refused as a Classis to do anything at all for beneficiary education. As a consequence, only a few individual members of the Classis show any interest at present in the cause, and but little is done for it within its bounds. A somewhat similar state of things also exists in some of the other Classes.

The facts to which we have referred call loudly for serious consideration on the part of the friends of the cause of beneficiary education. That the evils thus starting them in the face are great and lamentable cannot be denied, and if allowed to continue, they must inure to the disgrace, as well as to the injury of the Church. Is it not fully time, then, that the whole system of beneficiary education, as it prevails at present in our Church, should be carefully revised? If a return to first principles is not desirable or cannot be effected, some mode of operation, at least, better than that now pursued, must be devised and prosecuted. Let all interested in the subject think and pray over it, and then combine their efforts to bring about the much-needed reformation and revival in a cause, which has done so much for the Church in the past and is so greatly needed for its interests in the future. F.

ALLIANCE OF THE REFORMED CHURCHES.

We call attention to Dr. Junkin's circular in regard to the meeting of the "Pan-Presbyterian Council." It will give all the information we ourselves can get in regard to the arrangements. The committee is, in the nature of the case, somewhat embarrassed, and the "Provisional Programme" has been issued for circulation rather than publication. The presence of distinguished men from abroad, of course, depends upon contingencies, and the chairman does not wish to excite expectations that will not be realized. We can only say that the attendance will be large, and that the papers and discussions, as formerly announced, will be full of interest.

OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

We found it necessary, a month ago, to take "a change of air," and other elements, and leave the beaten track of our usual work. Not an uncommon thing for those who use their brains more than their un-brawny arms. The machinery of the mind must not be kept in a perpetual whirl, if consequences are to be considered.

So then over the mountains we go. Not "on a rail"—flying through gorges and tunnels, behind a frantic, screaming engine—but in a sulky, the most independent-looking thing, in the "line of travel," ever seen on a road. The sulky has the reputation of being a very unsocial and selfish vehicle. Be it so; nevertheless, it has some excellent moral qualities. It is even said, that one of our theological professors delivers at least one lecture to each class of young divines, on the moral advantages of a sulky to a minister of the gospel; and, as we are informed, the Doctor makes out a clear case with his somewhat grotesque subject. Certain it is, that the driver occupies a position that cannot be approached by another while he holds the reins, and that from his high place of sole occupancy he reigns without a rival. Besides, Mr. Bergh would surely agree, that it is a mercy to the faithful beast that no second person can share his master's throne.

We crossed the South Mountain opposite Fairfield, Adams county. It was a lovely morning, and as we inhaled the pure mountain air we wondered how a physician could live in such a "distressingly healthy" atmosphere. We are tempted to enlarge on the moral advantages of pure air and good health from what we know of the character and manners of mountaineers, but we must hasten on. Our road leads to the Mont Alto

Iron Works. After an hour's drive from the summit of the mountain we come to the great Park. For about one mile we can peep in upon it through the foliage and see here and there a familiar lounging place, foot-bridge, or spring. We also espied something else—the "parsonage." The view was but momentary, as our "Bird" is a sailing animal and does not check her speed to gratify the eyes of her master. We cannot, therefore, speak reliably of its present condition or appearance, except to say that our quick glance revealed the worse of the wear. Still its original proportions seem to be there, and the old features. We shall not attempt a description of this edifice, being woefully deficient in the use of architectural terms. Better for our reputation if we look wise as an owl and say nothing. We will only venture to say, that it is a grand structure, of its kind, and a lasting honor to the head and heart of the architect. It may be known to some, that it was erected for the express use and comfort of the Editor-in-Chief, to be occupied by him whenever he would be constrained, especially during the hot Summer months, to flee to this goodly retreat. There seems to be no room in it for assistant editors, or any other inferior beings. In this respect it is very like our sulky:—passage for one only, and he, "lord of all that he drives." How fortunate some people are! There are many interesting things in Mont Alto Park; but the "parsonage" throws them all into the shade. Travelers should by all means see its exterior, at least; even if they be denied the privilege of feasting their eyes on the beauty that may be within.

Here, at almost the beginning of our health recruiting trip, we are surrounded by the spiritual atmosphere of the Reformed Church. Here is one end of Rev. I. M. Motter's charge. We have not time to stop even to salute our friends who take care of the iron works and the church in their midst. But we pass along with memory alive concerning their Christian hospitality, and zeal for the cause of our Lord. We came in contact with our own Church in all our wanderings. We shall endeavor, in future articles, to present some interesting facts in regard to our Church in the mountains and valleys of Southern Pennsylvania. K.

OUR AGENT IN THE PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

Our general agent, Mr. Binkley, continues to prosecute his work in the Pittsburgh Synod, and purposes canvassing all the charges within its bounds. He is now in Clarion Classis, and has just returned fourteen new subscribers from Pine Run charge, Rev. J. Dotterer, pastor. It is his purpose to visit the St. Paul's Classis soon. The brethren of that Classis, as well as of the other Classes not yet visited, we trust, will keep their charges open for him, and give him a welcome reception. F.

Notes and Quotes.

The Roman Catholics have won a victory at Charleston, S. C. The School Board, at the suggestion of Bishop Lynch, has accepted a separate school from the Catholics, in which teachers are exclusively appointed by Catholic authorities and paid from the public treasury. Now suppose some one of Bishop Lynch's persuasive power comes from each branch of the Protestant Church, and asks the same favor.

The Rev. Washington Gladden, of Springfield, answers the question, "Why don't the masses come to church?" by asserting that they do; or, at least, that proportionately there is more church-going now than there was in the last century. At the time of the Revolution there was one church to 1538 inhabitants, while the present ratio is one to 538; and he thinks the churches are as nearly filled now as then.

The *National Baptist* speaks of "Iceberg Power," and says: "It is a very remarkable fact, that persons who are worthless for all else, are supreme as obstructives. An iceberg could never build a ship, but it can wreck a ship. A pebble could never start a steam-engine,

but used with skill it can bring it to a stand-still. The men who could never arouse the public mind and carry forward a great movement, can yet prevent more good than the wisest of men can plan. Men who are worthless in the church for giving, for laboring, for advising, for helping, can yet discourage a pastor and frustrate a revival and defeat the new meeting-house.

Dr. Dabney, in a letter to the *Christian Observer* expresses the opinion, that the intellectual advantages which young men may have in finishing their theological studies at German Universities, is more than counterbalanced by the risk they run in making a shipwreck of faith. He says: "It is my deliberate conclusion, that our candidates for the ministry should not subject themselves to this peril. The fact that so many young Americans have causelessly braved the risk, doubtless accounts, in part, for the decline in ministerial piety in our country. They get scholarship here, undoubtedly, if they study, which a few probably do. But they carry back with them a chilled heart, a relaxed conscience, a loosely-kept Sabbath, a familiarity with professional insincerity and clerical scepticism, which stick to them when they become American pastors."

Mr. Kimball says the worst financial evil to a church is a fund to make preaching cheap. A contrary opinion we fear prevails among men generally. They think, if a church could be endowed so as to make it unnecessary for any one to give anything, for the support of the gospel, its spiritual success would be secured. Yet it is doubtful whether it would stand as long or do as much good as one in which some sacrifice of this world's goods must continually be made.

The *Nashville Advocate* is quoted as saying: "The Churches that seem to think that revivals of religion cannot be had without the aid of 'evangelists,' so-called specifically, discount the agency honored by Jesus Christ in the establishment of the pastorate. The pastor who assents to this view of the matter practically abdicates the highest function of the sacred office." The *Nashville Advocate* is not among our exchanges, but the presumption is, that it is a Methodist paper, as that name is a favorite among them; and if we are right in this supposition, the testimony is all the stronger against the idea, that traveling evangelists can do a work in which regular pastors fail. It does not take many years for communities which have been carried away by new measureism, to see that nothing has been gained and much lost by such experiments.

Among the Exchanges.

An exchange says:

A clergyman visiting New York city from the West, asks why the name of the parish as well as the sexton's name cannot appear on the churches. It would be a very great convenience to strangers, not to say to residents, and there are many who would be thankful for such an improvement.

Now that the Presidential campaign has been fully inaugurated and electotype plates of roosters and coons are likely to be displayed everywhere, it would be well to heed the suggestions of the *New York Evangelist* in the matter of keeping clear of personal calumny:

Every Presidential campaign seems to be the signal for the discharge of an amount of personal abuse and vilification which is fearful to contemplate, and journals which claim to be respectable degrade themselves into machines for moral mud throwing. One of the worst features of these campaigns is the eruption of slime they give occasion for, in the form of personal abuse and vilification, couched in language which it almost soils the lips to utter and blinds the eyes to read. From a campaign of scurrility every decent citizen should pray, "Good Lord, deliver us." In the first place, such abuse fails, as a general thing, to accomplish the object for which it is used. It defeats its own ends. It disgusts more than it convinces, and creates a sympathy for its victim. If a candidate is notoriously unfit for the office he is named for—if he has committed acts which should lead respectable and conscientious citizens to vote against him—let the simple facts be presented in the simplest terms, and compel him and his supporters to face the damaging record. But no good, and a vast deal of harm in every way, comes from a campaign of slander and vilification. And every good citizen should use his influence to prevent and condemn personal detraction without cause in political discussion. Character is the costliest, the most precious thing we have. The institutions of the country depend for their support on the intelligence and integrity of the people, and particularly on the worth and honor of public men. It would be an incalculable calamity to the country to have faith in our public men

destroyed, or greatly weakened. And all unfounded abuse of public men is a blow at the Republic, as well as at the foundation of public morals.

The second number of the *Reformed Missionary Herald*, for which we wish eminent success, has reached us. It is published under the direction of the Board of Home Missions of the "Reformed Church in the United States," and is devoted to the particular work its name indicates. Speaking of the "Peace Offerings" in our Church during the past year, it says:

It is gratifying to see that the effort put forth last spring to signalize the return of peace in the Church, by thank-offerings to the cause of missions, has not been altogether a failure. So far as the eastern part of the Church, where we are best acquainted, is concerned, there has been a pretty general response to the appeal of the General Board to give a tangible proof of the sincerity of the peace sentiment. Some of our churches have given far in advance of what was assigned to them, as a fair proportion of the amount that ought to be raised. They have contributed considerably more than twenty cents, on an average, for each member. A great deal has also been given to other benevolent objects besides missions, which has been elicited to a greater or less extent by the appeal for missionary contributions. Thus, one individual chose to present \$5,000 to the Theological Seminary at Lancaster as his offering. In addition, no doubt, to what he has done for missions. Others have given in other directions what they most probably would not have given, had it not been that they received an inspiration from what they considered a general movement. Under these circumstances, it will be a very difficult matter to ascertain the precise amount that has been realized in dollars and cents; nor is it a matter of special account that it should be known. It is sufficient for us to be informed that something praiseworthy and creditable to us as a Church has been accomplished. So far as we have heard, there has been no very great pressure brought to bear upon the churches to induce them to give. Opportunities have been offered them to give and they have given cheerfully. It was, possibly, better that it was so; for, if by some adroit management, bordering on extortion, they had been induced to roll up what would have been considered something very large, there would have been most likely a reaction next year, and then there would have been a dearth, attended with some grumbling. As it is, we may hope that the revival of liberality this year will be followed by still larger and more gratifying returns of benevolence in the years to come.

Communications.

GOSHENHOPPEN.

Lovely spot, half dell, half plain, quiet and peaceful, where the generations of inhabitants of the near-by City of the Dead may repose on and on, sweetly and undisturbed, while those yet sailing on in life's craft may still hear the voice of the Master's servant in the temple hard by, a lineal descendant of him who spoke here the words of true centuries past, when the boughs of the forest primeval clasped their long and foliage-girded arms over those who went to sleep beneath their deep shade. I look before me down over that marble floor enclosed with a low stone wall all dark and seared with many seasons, and gnawing frosts of many winters down to that dark line underneath the hill, where the graceful Perkiomen glides along as when the Red Man cast his canoe and threw his angling line before his home, and his authority was questioned by civilization's harsh demands to obliterate the old and inaugurate the new. Peep over in that corner, young man, and read for me on that old weather-beaten stone. Most gone, as silently all things go. Too dim; well, well! I think nearly two centuries yet while the red man and the white man mingled here. Wars and strife unheeded and unheard have thundered past their doors and over their silent habitations oft since then.

I look behind me, and behold, another and a newer city up there among the trees, and many are there too. Yes, we laid him there too, that meek and trusting old man, just the other day, from over yonder where the new replaces the old. The big white snow-flakes were falling fast, draping his casket in pearly white. Where? At the end of the avenue up yonder, by the beautiful evergreen. Knock at the iron gate, mayhap spirit will answer spirit. But see, gliding over yonder among the tombs, so silently, with head whiter than the marble she passes: now stooping to arrange the flowers—now she passes on up there. That grand old white head bows and weeps and sheds the aged widow's tears. The curtain before her vision has worn thin with well-spent age; she can almost discern the other shore now, as he who so lately went before beckons her to come. All around the unseen dwellers here and passers-by know her tread as she notes and sets the flowers, and, like the "Maid of the Abbey," fears nothing so much as to not do her duty.

TAYLOR.

SECOND GENERAL COUNCIL OF THE PRESBYTERIAN ALLIANCE, PHILADELPHIA.

The Presbyterian Board of Publication House, No. 1334 Chestnut street, will be the headquarters of the committees, where delegates and those appointed to read papers are requested to report immediately on arrival and register, and be assigned their places of entertainment.

Owing to the combination of Railroads for maintaining uniformity in passenger fares, it has been impossible to obtain any special rates for those attending the Council, except on the Pennsylvania Railroad and its branches in the State of Pennsylvania alone, on which Delegates (verifying themselves as such to the Ticket Agent) will be furnished tickets at the rate of two cents per mile. Delegates and visitors may, however, avail themselves of summer excursion tickets issued by the Trunk Lines east of Pittsburgh to Philadelphia and New Jersey seaside resorts, which pass through Philadelphia, and which are good to come upon to October 1st and return to November 1st. Specific information can be obtained at railroad stations.

Visitors (not delegates) to the Council, by applying at the Publication House, as above, on their arrival in the City, can obtain information of, and be introduced to boarding-houses and hotels willing to accommodate them at rates varying from one to three dollars per day.

At the Academy of Fine Arts, on Wednesday evening, September 23d, at 8 o'clock, the members of the Council will be received socially by the Governor of the State and the Mayor of the city.

At the Academy of Music, on Thursday, September 23d, at 11 o'clock, A. M., the opening sermon will be preached by Rev. William M. Paxton, D. D.

The Council will hold its first session on the afternoon of the same day, in Horticultural Hall, at half past 2 o'clock; the Address of Welcome by Rev. William P. Breed, D. D.

In addition to space allotted for members of Council, reporters, &c., and for entertainers and contributors, there will be sittings in Horticultural Hall (where the daily sessions of Council are to be held) for about 800 persons. 400 reserved seat tickets to these sittings will be sold at \$3 each, good for all the sessions there held. Any one remitting the price by mail will thereby secure the best seat not already sold. No seat reserved until paid for. The balance of the Hall will be open to the public, and, if needful, overflow meetings will be held in neighboring churches, and addressed by the same speakers, as was done at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New York City in 1873.

Every effort will be made to satisfy the interest created by this grand Council.

GEORGE JUNKIN,
Chairman of Business Committee.
1334 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, September 10th, 1880.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

The pastor of the Rebersburg charge, Centre county, Pa., Rev. Wm. M. Landis, furnishes a very encouraging account of the harvest services recently held in the five congregations composing his charge. He was assisted in them by the Revs. G. P. Hartzell and I. S. Stahl. They were all well attended, and the interest in them was greater and the contributions to benevolence larger, than at any former similar services. The pastor had prepared his people for the duties of the occasion, by presenting to them in advance various reasons for manifesting an increased degree of liberality, and also by circulating amongst them, a tract explaining the nature of the occasion and the obligations it imposes in the way of benevolence. They were also furnished with envelopes in which to enclose their contributions. The five congregations, comprising together a membership of two hundred and eighty-three; contributed \$116.16. Of this amount, Tylersville congregation, sixty-six members, contributed \$21.53; Emanuel's congregation, fifty members, \$16.50; St. Peter's congregation, seventy-two members, \$42.20; Grace congregation, thirty-five members, \$17.70; and Madisonburg congregation, sixty members, \$18.23. The St. Peter's congregation, a few months previously, contributed \$30 to Home and Foreign Missions, and the Madisonburg congregation is building a new brick church, nearly finished, costing about \$4,000. The result in this case shows what can be accomplished by a little systematic and persevering effort. The people themselves are greatly benefited by it, whilst the cause of Christ is advanced.

At the Spring communion eighteen young persons were added to the Egypt charge, S. A. Leinbach, pastor, by the rite of confirmation.

POTOMAC SYNOD.

The Mt. Zion congregation, of the Jefferson, Md., charge, Rev. N. H. Skyles, pastor, has, up to the present time, worshipped in a church held jointly with the Lutherans. Last spring the congregation determined to build a church for itself. The corner-stone of the new house was laid with appropriate services on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 4th, 1880. The sermon was preached by Rev. T. F. Hoffmeier, of Middletown, Md., from 1 Cor. iii. 11. Revs. E. R. Eschbach, D. D., Wm. F. Colliflower and Hy. St. John Rinker were also present and took part in the services.

Rev. H. T. Spangler, of Columbiana, Ohio, has accepted a call from the Landisburg charge. His post-office address will accordingly hereafter be Landisburg, Perry county, Pa.

SYNOD OF PITTSBURG.

The members of the Reformed church in Crawford county, Pa., held a Harvest Home festival on the 2d of September, in the City Park of Meadville, a beautiful grove southeast of the city. Although the weather was warm and sultry, a goodly number of persons were present, who all seemed to enjoy themselves very much. Over three hundred partook of the refreshments provided for the occasion.

A number of visitors from abroad were present, among whom were the Rev. C. A. Limberg, of Butler, Pa., one of the founders of the Orphans' Home at that place, and Rev. F. Pilgram and F. B. Hahn, of Greenville, Pa. Rev. D. D. Leberman and J. W. Pontious, by whom and their people the festival was gotten up, were likewise present. The North Western Band also appeared on the ground about half past 10 o'clock, A. M., and added to the interest of the occasion, by their sweet and excellent music.

In the afternoon, at 2 o'clock, after the refreshments had been partaken of, the exercises incident to the occasion commenced. Rev. D. D. Leberman presided. The services were opened with prayer by the Rev. J. W. Pontious, which was followed by appropriate music from the band. Speeches were delivered by the Revs. C. A. Limberg and F. Pilgram. At the close of the services, a collection was taken up in aid of the Orphans' Home at Butler, Pa. Subscriptions were also solicited and obtained in behalf of the Orphan's Friend, a small paper printed and published at the Home by the orphans. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in a social way.

The proceeds of the occasion, which were given to the Orphans' Home, amounted to \$76.16. Of this amount \$17.64 were realized from the collection and the balance from the profits of the refreshment tables. A package of dry goods, worth about \$15, was also presented to the Home by the St. Paul's Reformed church of Meadville.

The harvest home services of the Curllsville charge, Rev. J. M. Evans, pastor, were well attended, and the interest of the members is

attested by their liberal thank offerings. The contributions of the several congregations were as follows: St. Luke's, \$33; Rimersburg, \$24; Mt. Zion, \$11, and Curllsville, \$36, making a total of over \$101 for a membership of 263; an increase on last year's harvest offering of \$36. In addition to this, the pastor secured a number of subscribers for the *Herald*. Pastor and people are both cheered by such encouraging signs of progress.

WESTERN CHURCH.

On the 23d of August last, the church edifice of the congregation at Columbiana, Ohio, served for the last two years by the Rev. H. T. Spangler, after having undergone extensive repairs, besides furnishing with a new bell, costing about \$1,700, was reopened for public worship, by appropriate services. The sermon on the occasion, both morning and evening, were preached by the Rev. Dr. J. H. A. Bomberger, of Collegeville, Pa., who was at the time on a short visit to his son-in-law, the pastor. The opening sermon proper was preached on the Friday evening previous, by the Rev. J. J. Leberman, of Louisville, Ohio.

MEETING OF SYNOD.

The Synod of the Reformed Church in the U. S. will hold its next annual sessions at Meyerstown, Lebanon county, Pa., to commence on the third Wednesday in October (20th), at 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M. A punctual attendance of the members and others having business with Synod is requested.

SAML. R. FISHER,
Stated Clerk.

Sept. 10th, 1880.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

The following Railroad Companies have agreed to furnish excursion rates, viz: the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad on main stem east of Cumberland, Md., and Branches; the Cumberland Valley Railroad between Harrisburg and Hagerstown; the Pennsylvania Railroad, Frederick Branch; and the Shenandoah Valley Railroad between Hagerstown and Charlestown, W. Va. Persons wishing to avail themselves of these privileges will be furnished, on application to the undersigned, with orders for round trip excursion tickets. Such application, however, must be made on or before October 31, enclosing a stamped envelope, in which to return the order.

WM. M. DEATRICK,
Stated Clerk.
Sept. 6, 1880.

NOTICE.

All the members of the Potomac Synod who expect to attend its next annual meeting, to be held in Woodstock, Va., in October next, will please inform me of the fact by the 1st of October at least. Each minister will please state whether he will have an elder, and also the name of his elder. Members of other Synods who expect to attend the meeting of Synod, will please notify me in due time. No provisions will be made for ministers' wives. Those who fail to comply with this request will find that no provisions were made for their entertainment during the sessions of Synod. The members of Synod, on their arrival at Woodstock, will be conducted to the church, where they will be assigned to their respective places of entertainment.

G. H. MARTIN, pastor Loc.

NOTICE.

Pittsburgh Synod will meet Oct. 13th, at Centerville, Somerset county, Pa. Persons coming by rail will leave the cars at Rockwood (Mineral Point), which is the nearest station. Vehicles will be at the depot to convey the delegates and visitors to Centerville. That sufficient provision may be made in this respect, and also for comfortable entertainment, all who propose attending the sessions of Synod, are requested to send a card as early as convenient to the pastor, W. W. Deatricks, Gebharts, Somerset county, Pa.

PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

This Synod will assemble in general convention at Centerville, Somerset county, Pa., October 13th, 1880, at 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M.

Orders for excursion rates on the Pittsburgh division of the B. & O. R. R., the Erie and Allegheny Valley Railroads, will be sent by the Clerk to the ministers for themselves and elders, within ten days after this notice appears in the MESSENGER.

Those not desiring them will please notify me of it within that time.

Those desiring them for members of their families will also give due notice.

H. F. KEENER,
Stated Clerk.

Berlin, Somerset Co., Pa., Sept. 6th, 1880.

Married.

In Friends' Cove, at the residence of Joseph S. Diehl, Esq., Sept. 7th, 1880, by Rev. D. M. Whitmore, Harry C. Hunt to Emma E. Diehl, both of Colerain Township, Bedford Co., Pa.

Obituaries.

Departed this life Aug. 15th, 1880, Mr. Elias Cashdollar, in the 61st year of his age.

It pleased God to remove our brother from earth, not only suddenly, but also by one of those mysterious providences that cannot be solved by human wisdom. He died from the result of a kick he received from one of his horses four days after he received the fatal blow. His mind, however, sudden, painful, and unexpected did not come unawares or find him unprepared. The Christian life and testimony left behind are the evidences of this. From the first, he said the injury would prove fatal, and gathered the members of his household around him, and gave each one a father's charge and a father's blessing. In conversing with him as regards his departure, he replied that he was ready and willing to go, and even longed for the hour of his departure.

Brother Cashdollar when yet a young man settled in the community in which he lived until his death. By his industry, honesty, and godly life he established a Christian character and reputation which live and speak, though he has departed. He was a faithful and exemplary member of the church. His seat in the house of God was never vacant unless through providential circumstances. He gave, willingly, cheerfully, and liberally to the support of the Gospel, and the benevolent objects of the church. He served in the capacity of elder and treasurer of the congregation of which he was a member. He also represented the charge two years ago as delegate Elder on the floor of Synod.

Now that God has taken him, we miss him, sadly miss him in the community, church, home, yet we sorrow not as those who have no hope. We believe

he has fallen asleep in Jesus. Asleep in Jesus! O do we not then approach very near our loved ones, the faithful members of the church who have departed, when Christ lives and reigns in us? In the body our brother will no longer meet and join us in the home and congregation, and yet he asleep in Jesus, and Jesus in us and we in Him, we are not separated but meet and are united in Christ. Here is our heavenly comfort and consolation. And here is the heavenly comfort and consolation of the wife and five children of our departed brother. Christ has not deserted Himself from His people. Why should not feel our loved one near us, only in a mode of being different from ours? His funeral was one of the largest ever witnessed in the community, a testimony that a good man had gone to his rest.

Died.—On 26th of Aug., 1880, Mrs. Mary Snyder, aged 81 years, 9 months and 14 days.

The subject of this notice was born at or near Chantreville, Bedford Co., Pa., and spent all of her long and good life in the immediate vicinity of her birthplace. Her maiden name was Mary Nyman. Early in life she consecrated herself to God, and never, through all the long years that followed, did she grow weary of His service. She was catechized and confirmed by the Rev. John Henry Gerhart, one of the pioneer Reformed pastors of Bedford Co. Her home was on "Clear Ridge," and the nearest Reformed church was in Friends' Cove, to reach which, the high and rugged Tussey Mountain must be crossed. Over this mountain some five or six miles, when a young girl, she traveled on foot to attend a theological school and church service. After her marriage to Mr. Snyder, and she began to rear a family, she carried several of her children over this same mountain, crossed only by a footpath to the Friends' Cove Church, to have them dedicated to the Lord in holy baptism.

She was the mother of eleven children, most of whom are faithful members of the church. Her husband was also a good and useful man in the church. In the wilds of Clear Ridge, they built up a home for themselves. So soon as a sufficient number of members could be gotten together to form a congregation, they donated a piece of ground for a church, and church. On this spot stands the Clear Ridge Church, where for many years past this mother in Israel has attended devoutly upon the ordinary means of grace. Nearest and dearest of all things to her, was her church. Even when bowed down with age and affliction, she would be there when it was possible. Especially would she miss no communion season. At the last one before her death she was present with joy to hear God's word, and receive the elements of the Saviour's body and blood.

Few were more faithful than she; few ever read God's word more constantly. Loved and esteemed by all who knew her, she passed away in the full triumphs of the Christian faith, calling upon the Lord Jesus to be with her and bless her. In the absence of her pastor, the Rev. Mr. Probst of the Lutheran Church, officiated at her funeral. She was laid to rest in the Clear Ridge grave yard, where lie the remains of many saints who went before her to heaven, her own husband included. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

D. H. L.
Departed this life very suddenly from heart disease, on July 19th, 1880, Mrs. Cavendish G. Rudy, wife of Capt. Hanson T. Rudy, Middletown, Frederick Co., Md., aged 58 years, 3 months and 19 days.

Mrs. Rudy was the daughter of Peter and Charlotte Young. She was born March 30th, 1822. Baptized by Rev. Jona. Helfenstein, June 9th, 1822. Confirmed by Rev. A. P. Freese, in March, 1843, and May 16th, 1860, was married by Rev. G. W. Glessner, D. D., to her now deceased husband. She was afflicted for nearly two years with heart disease, which terminated her life very suddenly, July 19th, 1880. She went down into the yard for a pitcher of water, and a few minutes after was found lying lifeless on the pavement, with the broken pitcher by her side. Her sudden death was a great shock to the whole community, for Mrs. Rudy was universally esteemed and loved.

She was the first Treasurer of St. Paul's Missionary Society of the Reformed Church at Middletown, Md. This society at its last meeting adopted the following tribute to her memory.

"The death of Mrs. Rudy has filled us with profound and unfeigned sorrow. In her removal from our number, we mourn the loss of one of our most active members, one who was very deeply interested in the success of this society and the cause of missions. We hereby express our esteem and love for her as a neighbor, a friend, a member of the church and of this society. Her attachment to the church, her regular attendance, her interest in all that concerned it, her activity and zeal in the cause of this society, all render her an example worthy of imitation. We also hereby express our grateful sense of her services as treasurer of this society, and her faithfulness to her trust. Her sudden death admonishes us all to labor diligently while life lasts, and to watch and pray that we may be always ready."

Her mortal remains were committed to the tomb, amid a large concourse of people, on July 21st. The pastor was assisted in the services by Rev. L. A. Marsh of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, and Rev. J. H. Marsh of the M. E. Church of Middletown, Md.

T. F. H.
DIED.—Near Cessna Station, Bedford Co., Pa., Jesse Irvine Berkheimer, aged 20 years, 10 months and 1 day.

DIED.—John Henry Harshbarger of Bedford Co., Pa., Aug. 20th, 1880, of typhoid fever, aged 19 years, 9 months and 7 days.

John Henry was a strong and vigorous youth, yet the power and vigor of his early manhood could not withstand that dread disease. Mysterious Providence! But having lived in faithful obedience to his confirmation vows, we sorrow not as those who have no hope.

DIED.—In Orangeville, Pa., on the 1st inst., Harrie H. Connor, aged 11 years, 9 months and 12 days. Being the only son, his death elicited much sympathy in our village for his widowed mother and only sister. Harrie was bright in intellect, social in disposition and very affectionate in heart. Although only a youth he will be missed in the social circle, Sabbath school, Academy and particularly in his home. Tears may flow and hearts may ache, but there echoes back from his little tomb, Asleep—only asleep! His funeral was well attended by the community at large, and also by the students of the Academy, who under their teachers attended in a body. And as we said his little body away, with eyes suffused with tears, we said to his dear remains, Farewell—farewell! But something still echoed back, we part only to meet again on yonder golden shore.

A. H.
DIED.—At Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 22d, Martha May, infant daughter of Cyrus and Christina Rice, of the Reformed congregation of New Castle, Pa., aged 10 months and 12 days.

DIED.—On June the 8th, 1880, Mrs. Elizabeth Metzger, wife of Mr. Henry Metzger, in the 70th year of her age.

Mrs. Metzger was a consistent member of the Reformed Church. She was a faithful wife and a devoted mother, and beloved by all that knew her. She bore her afflictions with Christian patience, and died with a full assurance of a blissful immortality. A deeply afflicted husband and children mourn her departure. The funeral services were held in the Second Reformed Church. The sermon was preached by her pastor, assisted by Rev. J. S. Kieffer of the First Reformed Church, after which her remains were taken to beautiful Rosehill Cemetery.

Farewell mother, enjoy thy rest,
Thy sufferings are all done;
Thy station taken among the just
Where suffering is unknown.

Take her, oh Father, to Thy arms
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

Acknowledgments.

Received for the Waldo Hills cong. in aid of church building, from Mr. Chas. Sinton, Phila., \$50; from Rev. H. Rusterholts, Bluffton, O., \$10.

J. MUEHLHAUER, Pastor.

HOME MISSIONS.

Received per Rev. D. B. Shney, Treas. Lan. Classis, from St. Stephen's Ch. Lan., \$20 00
Dr. I. Lefever, Treas. 2d Ref. Ch. Hbg., 13 44
I. G. Gerhart, Treas. Tobickon Classis, from Sellersville cong. for Rev. F. Fox, 22 00
Rev. D. Y. Heister, Treas. E. Pa. Classis, 34 53
Do W. H. Snyder, pastor of Salem Ref. Ch. Hbg., 50 00
Rev. W. A. Haas, Treas. W. Sarq. Classis, from Millburg chg. \$20; Bellefonte, \$20; Lewisburg, \$23.15; Nittany, \$19.74, 82 99
Rev. Wm. M. Deatricks, Treas. Mercerburg Classis, from Gettysburg chg. \$17; St. Clairsville chg. \$23.10; Pattonville chg. \$15; Yellow Creek Ch. \$15, 72 10

PEACE OFFERINGS.

Received per Rev. Wm. M. Deatricks, Treas. &c, from Rev. R. Zacherias, \$5; Mt. Alto chg. \$15.03; Rev. D. B. Shney Treas. &c, from Ref. ch. New Providence, \$10; St. Paul's Ref. Ch. Quarryville, \$30, 60 03

Rev. D. Gring, from Rev. Ambrose D. Gring, missionary in Japan, 5 00

\$359 99

FOR WASHINGTON CITY CHAPEL.

Received per Rev. J. W. Pontious, pastor of the Cochranton chg. Peace Offerings, from Trinity Ch. \$3.38; St. John's Ch. \$4.21; Zion's Ch. \$5.43; St. Mark's Ch. \$5.53; pastor, \$5, 24 00

Rev. Wm. M. Deatricks, Treas. &c, Peace Offerings, from Pattonville Ch. \$10; Rev. W. C. Greiner, \$5; Mt. Alto chg. Thank Offering for Peace, \$30; St. Clairsville chg. \$25; Wm. H. H. Snyder, pastor of Salem Ref. Ch. Hbg., \$30; Rev. W. A. Haas, Treas. &c, from Liverpool chg. \$4; Nittany, \$8, 112 00

\$136 00

WM. H. SEIBERT, Treas.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Received at Harrisburg, Pa., from August, 1880, to and including September 6th, 1880. St. John's cong. W. Salem chg. A. H. and Co., pastor Kerschner, per J. Keplinger, Treas. for mission house, \$ 3 55

Zion's chg. Perry Co. Pa., pastor Lindeman, for mission house, 15 00

Ref. S. S. Woodstock, Va., N. B. Schmidt, Sec. for mission house, 10 15

S. S. Henshaw Ch. Butler Co. Pa., W. J. Roe, Treas. for mission house, 1 10

S. S. R. Ch. Canton, O., pastor Horbruck, 5 00

S. S. Oronston Mission, Bedford Co. Pa. for mission house, \$3, and for two pictures of same, 50c. per Rev. P. S. Kohler, 3 50

Ref. S. S. Mt. Pleasant, pastor Beam, for mission house, \$3.10; pictures, \$4.50, 7 60

Ref. S. S. Bath, Pa., for mission house, per Rev. M. A. Smith, 10 00

Ref. S. S. Lovettsville, Va., for mission house, pastor H. St. J. Rinker, 10 00

Rev. M. H. Dieffenbacher, Elderton, Pa., for 8 pictures, for mission house, 2 00

Mrs. C. Catharine Kunkel, Harrisburg, Pa., for mission house, 25 00

Salem Ch., Weyersburg chg. O., pastor Rast, 15 00

S. S. Ref. ch. Westminster, Md., pastor J. G. Nostr, for mission house, 9 50

Rev. W. F. P. Davis, Treas. Leb. Classis, viz: S. Schas. Tulpehocken chg. pastor C. H. Leinbach, D. D., for mission house, \$15.01; Bethany Orphan Home, Rev. D. B. Albright, \$15, 30 01

Salem Ref. S. S. Buffalo, N. Y., pastor C. Kuss, for mission house, 7 00

Ladies' Missionary Society, 1st Ref. Ch. Tiffin, O. Mrs. E. R. Good, Treas. \$15, for mission house, and \$15 for current expenses, 30 00

S. S. Zion Ref. Ch. Phila., pastor Gehr, D. D., for mission house, 15 00

S. S. Ref. ch. Boegers' store, Ossage Co. Mo., pastor P. J. Rueliolt, 2 00

S. S. St. Mark's Ref. Ch. Monroeville, 6.87, and by Anna C. Henry H. & Sarah E. Wiant \$3.13, together, \$10, for mission house, per pastor Wiant, 10 00

Mt. Carmel & Heidelberg Ref. S. Schas. Altoonville chg. Fairfield Co. O., pastor Klingler, each, \$2.50, for mission house, together, 5 00

H. Holtzappel, \$1, and Rev. L. G. Kremer, 25c. for picture, Hagerstown, Md., 1 25

S. S. Shellsburg, Pa., for mission house, pastor H. S. Garner, 2 23

S. S. Emanuel's Ref. Ch. Bluffton, Indiana, pastor Witthoff, 5 00

Apple Creek Ref. Ch. Wayne Co. O., for mission house, pastor Erb, 5 17

S. Schas. Thornville chg. pastor Yost, viz: Salem, \$6.10; St. Paul's, \$4.40; Thornville, \$2.50; Zion's, \$1, 14 00

Mt. Zion Ch., Dayton O., pastor Winters, D. D., 5 00

S. S. Ref. ch. Germfown, O., for mission house, pastor Prush, 3 25

S. S. Ref. ch. Uchland, Pa., for mission house, J. Fetter, Treas., 5 00

Rev. John H. Beck, Lake, Stark Co. O., 10 00

Rev. H. W. Hoffmeier, Bedford, Pa., proceeds of sale of photographs of Mr. & Mrs. Gring, \$4, and by Mrs. Eberly, of Waterside, 20c., St. Luke's Ref. Mission S. S. Reading, Pa., for mission house, per D. Miller, 15 00

S. S. Ref. ch. Easton, Pa., pastor Heister, per J. Rader, 20 00

Infant S. S. 1st Ref. Ch. Harrisburg, Pa. D. W. Gross, Supt. for pictures, mission house, 5 00

Salem Ref. Ch. Harrisburg, Pa., pastor, W. H. H. Snyder, 41 00

S. S. Asso., Lancaster Classis, O. Rev. G. H. Leonard, Treas. for mission house, 25 00</

Youth's Department.

MOTHER'S WAY.

Of within our little cottage
As the shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight lightly touches
One sweet face upon the wall—
Do we gather close together,
And in hushed and tender tone
Ask each other's full forgiveness
For the wrong that each has done.
Should you wonder why this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would quickly answer,
"It was once our mother's way."

If our home be bright and cheery,
If it holds a welcome true,
Opening wide its door of greeting
To the many—not the few;
If we share our Father's bounty
With the needy, day by day,
'Tis because our hearts remember
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes when our hands grow weary,
Or our tasks seem very long;
When our burdens look too heavy,
And we deem the right all wrong—
Then we gain anew fresh courage,
And we rise to proudly say:
"Let us do our duty bravely;
This was our dear mother's way."

Thus we keep her memory precious
While we never cease to pray
That at last, when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of our day,
They may find us waiting calmly
To go home our mother's way.

MIMIR'S WELL.

A SCANDINAVIAN MYTH.

In the north of Europe there is a rugged land, where the winters are long and dark, with short bright summers. Nine hundred years ago the people there were pagans, believing in gods and giants, and their mythology is full of wonderful stories. As these myths, or sacred fables, tell of strange adventures, I think you will like them quite as well as even the *Arabian Nights*.

Take your maps now, and find this wild north land. It is called Scandinavia, and comprises Norway and Sweden. The home of these Northern gods was a city called Asgard, built above the clouds, in the midst of which stood Valhalla, the hall of the chief god, Odin. Such a marvelous place as this was! It had a golden roof that reflected light over all the earth, just like the sun, and its ceiling was supported by spears, while millions of shields formed its walls, over which were draped coats of mail. A huge wolf stood before its immense gates, through which eight hundred men could march abreast. Around the walls flowed a deep river, through whose waves Odin's guests were forced to wade. But I can not tell you now of Odin's feast, which was always being held in Valhalla, nor of his guests, the heroes, whom the beautiful Battle Maidens brought there on bloody shields from the earth. Asgard was overshadowed by the mighty tree Igrasil. This tree was more marvelous than any of which you ever heard; no cork, nor India rubber, nor banyan tree could begin to compare with it; for this was the Life-Tree, and had been growing before creation. The horrible dragon, Death, gnawed constantly at its roots, but three sisters, the Nornas, watering them daily from the Life Spring, kept the tree flourishing. Seated under its shade, the elder sisters (Past and Present) spun away briskly at the wonderful web of Time, which the youngest (the Future) amused herself by tearing to pieces. Far down in Giant-land, where the roots began to shoot, was an ancient well, guarded by the good giant Mimir (Memory). There the gods always went for a morning draught that should make them wise in their daily tasks, since this was the well of wisdom.

On one occasion there was a disturbance in Asgard. Loki, a bad spirit, living there in disguise, had been playing tricks on the goddesses, and setting the gods by the ears through his mischief-making pranks, while leading them into many dangerous scrapes, though as yet he had not been found out. His children, too, were just as bad as himself, his son Fenris (Pain), a hideous howling wolf, being the terror of Asgard, while Hela, his daughter (Death), was more horrible than I can describe. Besides these, Loki had brought in other

bad spirits, and altogether Asgard was greatly disturbed. Odin himself did not know what to do. He asked the Nornas, but they could not answer, although the youngest hinted that if her lips had not been sealed she could have told something. At last he determined to see Mimir, and take a drink from his well. Saddling his eight-footed horse Sleipner, away he rode in the night, all alone, over the Rainbow Bridge that joins Asgard with Earth, down to dark Giant-land. He had often before been there to consult Mimir; for although Odin was very wise, Mimir was wiser still, since he guarded the source of wisdom.

The giant was sitting deep in thought by the well, his white beard flowing down far below his waist, which was clasped by a girdle graven with curious characters, as old as the world. He heard Odin coming, and rising to meet him, said this was just what he had known must happen; for what else could have been expected with such a set as Loki and his family living in Asgard? The first thing to be done, he said, was to cast them out from among the gods, then bind them fast in some safe place far away.

What do you suppose this advice cost? Giant-land, you know, was very dark, and although the well was full of wisdom, Mimir had not always light enough to read its secrets. Odin's eye was the sun; so Mimir was glad enough to give his horn of water for a daily loan of Odin's glowing eye, while Odin was willing thus to buy the advice that should make Asgard happy again.—*Julia Clinton Jones, in Harper's Young People.*

WEAK BUT STRONG.

I will tell you a true story for the children to hear, and leave each one to enforce its lesson in his or her own way. The bit of a girl is not one of the "goody good" children, but a perfect bunch of mischief who needs constant watching. She had taken a fancy to play with the key of her father's desk, often taking it out for the purpose. One day he told her never to take it out again, fearing it might be lost. Some few days after he was lying half-asleep on the sofa, the little daughter playing beside him. The sudden stillness of the room roused him to the fact that she had disappeared, and seeing the door to the next room, where the desk was, open, he stole softly toward it to see what the child was doing. There she stood, just in front of the coveted key, both tiny hands clasped behind her, and leaning forward on her tiptoes, she kissed it gently. Then father crept unseen to the sofa, and in a moment she came and stood beside him, both hands still folded behind her, and said, "My? didn't touch the key 'cause papa told her not to." Surely if a tiny creature like this could put temptation behind her, we grown up folks ought to have strength enough to.—*Boston Transcript.*

DECEIVING.

Jemmy was playing in the work-shop, and he broke his father's new saw. When he saw the mischief he had done he was frightened. "What shall I do?" thought Jemmy. "Go and tell mother? Wait till father comes home tell him?" He did neither. He hoisted a hard stick partly sawn on the woodhorse, and put the broken saw beside it. That looked as if Ozro had done it.

Ozro was a boy who lived with Mr. Davis.

Mr. Davis found things just as Jemmy had left them. "Who broke my new saw?" he asked. Nobody could tell. Alice did not, neither Esther, nor cousin George, nor Bridget; and Jemmy kept out of the way. Ozro, he sawed and split the wood.

When Ozro came home, Mr. Davis asked him. "No, sir," answered he promptly. Mr. Davis could not believe him, for was not there the very stick he had been sawing?

The next day Jemmy heard his father say to his mother, "I cannot keep that Ozro, he lied right to my face. Of course he broke the saw; there was nobody else to do it. I do not mind so

much about the saw; but the lie. I cannot trust him in future."

Jemmy wished the ground would open and swallow him up. He could not take his food; it stuck in his throat. Oh! he felt so mean, and wicked, and wretched.

After this, Jemmy found no comfort in Ozro's society. Ozro was a pleasant boy, who liked little boys, and was willing to help them in many ways. Jemmy hardly went into the work-shop; and many a time he stayed out in the cold rather than go home at all. You know why.

"I have the prospect of getting another boy," said Mr. Davis, a few days after to his wife. "When Ozro's mother comes I want to tell her that I cannot keep her son—and why. A boy who can tell me a deliberate lie like that is not safe company for any of us."

"Oh, dear, dear, dear," cried Jemmy to himself; "I wish I was dead—dead and buried." His load grew heavier and heavier.

At the end of the month Ozro's mother came to see him. Mrs. Davis was very sorry to have such a message for her; but it must be told. The poor mother looked grieved indeed. "I never caught Ozro in a lie in all his life," said she. "Can it be he has begun now?"

"No, mother," said Ozro; "I never broke that saw. You will believe me, mother?"

"Yes, my child; I believe you."

And so did Mrs. Davis. His honest face had no guilt in it.

"I believe you, Ozro," said Mrs. Davis. "There is some cruel mistake about this."

Tears came into the poor boy's eyes. "Stay until after dinner," said Mrs. Davis to Ozro's mother. "Mr. Davis will be home then."

Jemmy was home from school sick that day. When his mother went back to the sitting-room, she found him with his elbow on the table, and his head on his hand, looking very pale.

"What ails you, Jemmy?" she asked. Jemmy burst out crying.

"What ails you, Jemmy?" she asked again.

"I'm the wickedest boy that ever was," sobbed Jemmy. "You shan't send away Ozro. I broke the saw."

"My child! my child!" exclaimed the mother.

I need hardly tell you that Ozro was not sent away. Everybody was glad when his character was clear.

Jemmy then asked Ozro's forgiveness as well as that of his parents.

His mother then gave him these words to learn: "Crooked paths; whoever goeth therein shall not know peace."—*The Canada Presbyterian.*

ICELAND PONIES.

In order to travel with speed and comfort, each horseman requires a couple of ponies, which are saddled and ridden alternately, while the loose horses and those carrying the baggage are driven forward in a little herd, with shouts and cracking of whips. Spurs are unknown, and the Icelandic whip is certainly a most humane invention, with a thin leather strap for a thong, and devoid altogether of a lash; the ponies despise it utterly, and although it makes a noise, it evidently does not hurt. Accustomed from his birth to find his way over his wild mountain pastures, an Iceland pony is so clever and sure-footed as to give his rider a sense of security, even in the most awkward places, and if left to himself he will never make a mistake. He is as cautious as an elephant, snuffing at every suspicious place, and testing it with his fore foot; if dissatisfied, nothing will induce him to proceed, and he turns aside to search for a safer way, being particularly on his guard when crossing water upon a bridge of snow, or when in the neighborhood of boiling springs. Even where the ground was roughest I have not hesitated to throw the bridle on the pony's neck and open a knife in order to scrape certain cartridges too large for the rifle which I carried under my arm. The gallant little beast picks his way rapidly over all obstacles, like the sturdy Stulka, who can knit and stare at the passing stranger, while she strides along over

"Hraun," as if she were on a shaven lawn. Boggy ground is to a horseman always a very troublesome obstacle; but so remarkably dry was the country in June, 1878, that bogs could be avoided, and we were a good deal annoyed by dust and drifting sand. The ponies got nothing to eat, except the scanty herbage by the wayside, and were much disposed to linger wherever they could find a few blades of grass. To any such temptation the poor animals were, however, not often exposed, and they jogged along with great perseverance, making up for little food with much drink at the numerous streams which they had to ford. —*Nineteenth Century.*

BRAVE MAGGIE.

Maggie Clayton lived in the country, and this is her first visit to the sea-side, but she is a brave girl as you will see.

One of her little playfellows dropped the string which held his toy boat, and away it drifted out to sea. He cried, and so did all the rest,—all but Maggie.

"I'll get that boat," she said; and, quickly throwing off her shoes and stockings, she ran down the beach till she came opposite a great rock that raised its grey head out of the water a little distance from the shore; then she fearlessly pushed into the sea, toward the rock.

The little boat, drifting with the tide, reached the rock at the same moment with Maggie's nimble feet.

Here for an instant it stopped; and here Maggie seized it, and bore it in triumph back to her playmates.

Rejoicing took the place of tears; and the happiest of the happy group was Maggie, who had been able to do this kind and brave act. She had once again proved, what the willing of the world have proved so often, that "'tis more blessed to give than to receive."—*Good Things.*

TO A CHILD.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark would pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet ere we part one lesson I can leave you,
For every day:
Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song. —*C. Kingsley.*

WALKING ON THE WATER.

When the Harlem river was fairly covered with small excursion steamers, sail-boats, rowing sculls and all kinds of light water craft the other day, the people were astonished to see a man in bathing costume start from a float moored near the foot of High bridge and walk across the river. He stood perfectly erect, and passed in and out between the boats, apparently with less trouble than one could cross Broadway on a crowded day. The walker was Mr. W. C. Soule, an enthusiastic young sportsman of Wayne county. His invention consist of two zinc shoes five feet long and five inches deep. They are air-tight and pointed at the end. In the center is a space large enough to hold a man's foot. Underneath the shoe are two sets of five blades, very much resembling a Venetian window-blind hung on end, but firmly fastened in position. As the walker pushes his foot forward the blades or slats open, and the water rushes through without opposition and the shoes move easily along; but pushing backward closes the slats and makes a solid sheet, like a closed blind. In this way he gets his purchase on the water. In motion the walker resembles a man on snow-shoes or skates more than a pedestrian, for he cannot lift his feet, but glides along easily and gracefully.

BLACK HEARTS AND WHITE HEARTS.

As the cherry season comes round, how the "jolly" times that we children used to have years ago come to my mind.

I can seem to see and taste, even now, those polished beauties, hanging in twos and threes on their slender stems under the green leaves those hot June days in the Kentish cherry orchards; and hear the "cuckoo, cuckoo," from the grove near by, sounding so soft and warm, as

if the bird's throat was lined with velvet.

The counties of Kent and Surrey in England are noted for their delicious cherries.

The smartly-dressed fruit-women who used to roll their long barrows through the streets of London more than fifty years ago, crying, "Cherry ripe! Cherry ripe! Cherries big as plums! Who comes! Who, comes!" always got a higher price for these fine cherries than for any others.

These traveling fruit-barrows, with their tempting piles of glossy "red and black hearts" in the middle of the barrow, and the rows of "ha'penny sticks" that decorated the sides, were a wonderfully pretty peep and taste of the country to the poor little city children, who looked forward to "cherry time" something as you in New England do to "thanksgiving."

Talking of cherries reminds me of a great day that the children in Hamburg celebrate, called the "Feast of Cherries."

All the boys and girls parade the streets dressed in their best clothes, and carry green boughs decorated with cherries.

This festival is to commemorate a great victory that was obtained by the children of Hamburg in 1432, and which saved the city.

The Hussites threatened to destroy it, and the poor people were in great terror. Then it was proposed by one of the citizens, named Wolf, that all the children in the city from seven to fourteen years of age should be dressed in mourning and sent as supplicants to Procopius Nasus, who was at the head of the Hussites, to plead for the doomed city.

Procopius certainly was not a very hard-hearted man, for his heart was so touched by this mournful procession that he not only received the children kindly, but treated them with cherries, and promised to spare their beloved city.

The children returned with great joy, crowned with leaves, carrying bunches of cherries in their hands, and shouting, "Victory."

No wonder the little Hamburgers still keep up the "Feast of Cherries" in remembrance of the great victory obtained by the children in "cherry time" more than four hundred years ago.—*Youth's Companion.*

Pleasantries.

The first American inscription put upon the obelisk will be, "Post no Bills."

Relatives are an absolute necessity to some people. If a servant girl hasn't got an aunt who is sick, and requires some one to spend the night with her, how is the girl to get out to the circus?

Toddleskins is a very small man indeed, but said he never minded it at all until his three sons grew up to be strapping young fellows, and soon began to cut down their old clothes to fit him. Then he said he did get mad.

A young lady surprised the gentlemanly clerk by offering him 50 cents in payment for a \$1 purchase. "It amounts to \$1, if you please," said the gentlemanly clerk. "I know it does," was the answer, "but papa is only paying 50 cents on the dollar now."

A grocer who excited the ire of one of his customers by presenting at his house a bill for goods rendered, was waited on soon after by a daughter of the debtor, who said, "I wish you wouldn't come with the bill when papa's at home; it makes pa nervous to be dunned."

What people want is confidence. It does not look well for a deacon to take an umbrella to church and carry it into his pew and hang to it. What he should do is to leave the umbrella out in the vestibule, with that supreme confidence that a man has when he bets on four aces. To see the prominent men of the church carry their umbrellas into their pews makes the ordinary sinner feel as though he was suspected.

General News.

HOME.

The National Board of Health has advised that diphtheria of a very fatal type is prevalent at New London, Conn.; also, that an epidemic of dengue prevails at Charleston, S. C., there being over two thousand cases in that city. Dengue is also reported at New Orleans.

A careful examination of the condition of the wheat crop in the great wheat belt on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad has been made for the Associated Press. The reports that the crop was in danger in consequence of wet weather were unwarranted.

The terrible cyclone which swept down upon the Florida coast, on the 29th ult., destroying the steamship City of Vera Cruz, and leaving a long line of disasters in its wake, visited the Bermuda Islands with a fury that was not equalled even by the historical hurricane of 1839.

Trenton, Sept. 8.—A fire broke out this morning at 2 o'clock in the New Jersey State Prison yard. It originated in the shop occupied by A. C. Dibert & Co., where a large number of convicts are employed in the manufacture of shoes, and which is filled with machinery. It was almost entirely destroyed.

Despatches from Provincetown, Mass., report a heavy gale and sea outside that port on Thursday. A large number of vessels sought refuge in the harbor, including the steamer Franconia, from Portland, New York. She shipped a heavy sea that stove in some of the staterooms and flooded the saloon; the passengers, twenty in number, were much alarmed.

New York, Sept. 9.—The loss by the fire at the Manhattan Market is \$1,500,000. The market haysheds on the adjoining block and ninety freight cars on the Hudson River Railroad were burned. During the fire Inspector Dilks and Captain Washburn, of the Twentieth precinct, in command of the Reserves, had a narrow escape from being killed by the wall of the market falling. Michael Loftus, a homeless man, was badly burned.

FOREIGN.

The Queen has prorogued the English Parliament.

A terrible fire swept through a portion of Lower Canada on the 6th inst., destroying farm-houses and crops. The inhabitants for miles fled in terror.

London, Sept. 8.—12 M.—An explosion occurred this morning at the Seaham Colliery, near Durham. Both shafts of the mine are blocked, though they are half a mile apart. Between 250 and 300 men are in the pit. It is known that some of them are alive.

Kingston, Jam., Sept. 8.—The effects of the late hurricane have not yet been fully realized by the country. The north and eastern sides of the island (St. Ann, St. Mary, Portland, St. Thomas Ye East, Kingston, St. Andrew, St. Catharine, and Clarendon) suffered most.

LETTER LIST.

Allen, A.
Bartholomew, Rev A R, Binkley, H K, (3), Bader, A S, Bowers, C V, Booser, D.
Cridder & Bro, Callender, Rev Dr S N.
Durban, E J, (2), Davis, Mrs J F, Dieker, E. Disfenderfer, Rev M H, Doehant, Rev G B, Dieffenbacher, Rev C R.
Everitt, S M, Endely, W, Engle, Rev W G, Edinger, A J.
Fought, I, Froyer, P, Franco, M, Ferer, Rev B B, Geiser, J H, Griffith, G W, Gerhart, Rev R L, Gring, Rev W A, Gross, Rev S K.
Haas, Rev W A, Huges, E R, Heisler, Rev D Y, Hosterman, J K, (2), Hartel, Miss M H, Houser, W R, Hammond, D, Hawley, J G, Hannabery, Rev J. Irwin, G A.
Kron, A F K, (2), Kerschner, Rev J B, (2), Klots, T, Kelsner, G, Kimler, A C.
Lauer & Yost, Lindsman, Rev F S, Lawall, L H, Leinbach, Rev S A.
Miller, D, Mayberry, Rev J W, Miller, S R, Miller, L Z, Millett, Rev J K.
Otto, Prof S M.
Patterson, R.
Ruth, S R, Rosseter, Rev J T, Rupp, Rev W, Rothrock, Rev D, Reber, Rev T N.
Strayer, A G, Schwarts, C H, Snyder, Rev N Z, Stahlman, J S, Stup, D S, Summey, C W, Selbert, W H, Shuey, Rev D B.
Tullheim, Rev H, Toms, G W.
Venzel, E.
Whitney, W W, Weber, J J, Wolbach, Rev J, Weaver, Mrs S, White, Prof J T, Whitmore, Rev A J, Whitmore, Rev D M, Will, J K, Weaver, W S, Whitmer, Rev A C.
Yockey, J A.
Zabm, E J, Zinkhan, Rev L F, Zabriske, Rev F N.

THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Sept. 11, 1880.
[The prices here given are wholesale.]

Flour.—We quote the whole range of prices as follows: Supers at \$2.50@3; winter extras, \$3@3.75; Pennsylvania family, \$4.75@5.15; Ohio and Indiana do, \$5@5.50; factory do, \$5.75; St. Louis do, \$5.50@6; winter patent, \$6.50@7.25; Minnesota bakers extras, \$5@5.50; do, straight, \$5.87@6.50; do, patents, \$6.75@8. Rye Flour was steady at \$4.50@4.75, as to quality, for Pennsylvania.

Wheat.—On the open market there were sales of 400 bushels damaged at 85c; 800 bushels rejected at 92@98c; 400 bushels ungraded red at \$1.02 and car lots No. 2 red spot, in elevator, at \$1.04@1.04½, closing at \$1.04½. At the first call 5,000 bushels No. 2 red October at \$1.05½, and 25,000 bushels November at \$1.07½, and at the second 5,000 bushels do, at \$1.07½, closing with \$1.04½ bid and \$1.04½ asked for September; \$1.05½ bid and \$1.05½ asked for October; and \$1.07½ bid and \$1.07½ asked for November. Shipments, 75,466 bushels. Stock in elevators, 913, 709 bushels.

Corn.—Sales reported comprised 1,000 bushels sold mixed, in local elevator, at 52½c; 1,000 bushels do, in grain depot, at 53c, and 1,000 bushels white at 53c, in local elevator; 40,000 bushels sold yellow, for export, at 54c, f. o. b.; 5,000 bushels sold mixed, September, in elevator, at 52c; 15,000 bushels do, at 51½c; 5,000 bushels do, October, at 52½c, and 20,000 bushels do, November, at 53½c, closing with 51½c bid and 52c asked for September; 52½c bid and 53c asked for October, and 55c bid and 53½c asked for November. Shipments, 7,497 bushels. Stock in elevators, 548,950 bushels.

Oats.—Sales reported comprised 10,000 bushels, in lots, including No. 2 mixed at 37½c; No. 3 white at 38½@39c, and No. 2 do, at 40@41c, generally quoted at 40@40½c. At the open Board 39c was bid and 41c asked for No. 2 white, September; 39½c bid and 40½c asked for October, and 40c bid and 41c asked for November.

Rye was scarce, and hence nominal, at 86c, at which rate last sales were made.

Groceries.—Coffee was in fair demand and firm, with sales of 500 bags low and fair Rio at 13@16c; 150 bags fair Laguayra at 14@15c; 50 bags low grade and good Maracibo at 15@17c, and 50 mats ordinary and prime Java at 21@24c. Raw Sugars were quiet and unchanged at 7½@7½c, for fair to good refining, uncrystallized. Refined Sugars were in fair demand and steady at 16½c, for cut loaf; 16c, for crushed and powdered; 16½c, for granulated;

16½c, for confectioners' A, and 16c, for mould A. In Rice we note the sale of 50 barrels fair new Louisiana at 6½c.

Provisions.—We quote Mess Pork at \$16@16.50; shoulders, in salt, 6@6½c; do, smoked, 6½@7c; do, pickled, 6@6½c; pickled hams at 9½@10c, as to average; loose butchers' L, rd, 8c; prime steam do, \$3.62½; city kettle refined do, at \$2@2½c. Beef Hams, at \$19@20; smoked Beef, 15@16c; smoked Hams, 12@13c, sweet pickled Hams, 9½@10½c, as to average; extra India Mess Beef, \$16, f. o. b; city family do., \$11.50; packet do., \$10.50. Tallow, 6.5-16c, for city.

Butter.—We quote creamery fancy, 29@30c; do, good to choice, 25@28c; imitation creamery, 27@24c, as to quality; Bradford and York State tubs, extras, 27@28c; do, good to choice, 23@26c; Western dairy, extras, 23@24c; do, good to choice, 18@23c; factory packed extras, 18@20c; fair to good, 15@17c; common grades, 12@14c; grease, 7@9c. Rolls, 16@20c, as to quality. Prints—Fancy, 32@35c; do, extra, 27@30c; do, seconds, 20@25c.

Eggs.—We quote ordinary to fair Western at 18@18½c; fine fresh do, at 19c, and Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware and other near-by fresh stock at 20c.

Cheese.—We quote New York factory, full cream, choice, at 13½c; do, fair to good, 12@13c; do, half skims, 10@10½c; Ohio, flat, fine, 12½c; do, fair to good, 11@12c; do, half skims, 9½@10½c; soft skims, 8@9c, hard do, 4@5c.

Live Chickens were in small supply, and sold chiefly at 12c, for prime lots.

HAY AND STRAW.—We quote prime North Pennsylvania Timothy Hay at \$22@23; prime York State and Western do, at \$20@21, the latter for small bales, and rye straw at \$18@19 per ton.

SEEDS.—Clover was dull but unchanged at 8@8½c, as to quality. Timothy was firm but quiet, with small sales of fair at \$2.55@2.57½, quoted at \$2.60@2.65 for prime, with jobbing sales up to \$2.75. Flax was scarce and firm at \$1.25.

FEED was firmer on a local scarcity and good demand, with sales of one car spring wheat Bran to arrive at \$15.75, and 2 cars winter do, to arrive at \$16; with prime coarse on the spot wholly nominal in the absence of offerings.

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In the most desirable shades at \$5 and \$10.

PLUSH AND MOLESKINS.

In blacks and colors, will be largely used. Anticipating the demand, we are fully supplied with several graded assortments in shades which blend with either satin or silk.

MILLINERY SILKS.

At this counter will be displayed all the necessary goods for manufacture, such as Satins, Surah and Plain Silks, Twills, Brocades, Velvets, Plushes, &c.

We feel convinced an examination of our Silk stock will satisfy all who wish first-class goods that we present the largest variety at

PRICES WHICH INVITE COMPARISON.

JOHN WANAMAKER, GRAND DEPOT, THIRTEENTH ST., PHILADELPHIA.